

Sports Illustrated

An aerial photograph of a golf course, specifically the 6th hole at Seminole. The image shows a large green fairway with several prominent, irregularly shaped sand traps. Palm trees are scattered around the edges of the course, and a dense line of trees forms the background. The sky is clear and blue.

FEBRUARY 15, 1988 \$5.00 (COVER)

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THE 6TH HOLE: Seminole



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If you think flying's just for people with lots of money read how a Grocer, an Exhibit Maker, a Florist Fly PIPER



GROCCER. Elvis Johnson, Bethany, Oklahoma is a grocer. He's also a fisherman. "More than twenty years ago I could see that flying and fishing would make a great combination so I started to learn to fly. Then I got married. Well, you know how it is. With a family to raise, I didn't think I could afford to continue. At the time we operated an automatic laundry. Our kids started a fruit stand out front under a tree and soon they were doing better than we were, so we switched to the grocery business ourselves. Things went well, and after two of our girls were married, the old urge to fly and fish finally was realized. Two and a half years ago, Mother and I bought a Piper Cherokee and we both learned to fly it. Since then we've put over 400 hours in the air. I've gone fishing in Minnesota, right up on the Canadian border, and out in California. Mother thinks nothing of flying over to El Paso. Our folks live in Kansas and what used to be a five hour car trip is now just an hour and a half hop. Flying is just great, and the only thing we've had to do to the Cherokee is repaint it to go with Johnson's Red and White Market."



EXHIBIT MAKER. Charles Maltbie, Philadelphia, Pa., is designer and salesman for his own exhibit building company. "Since building airplane models as a kid, I guess I've always had the desire to fly the real thing, but I never thought I could afford it. However, on one out-of-town job I chartered an airplane to get to it. The pilot started instructing me and before I knew it I was on my way to a license. I kept chartering for out-of-town jobs and finally ran into a friend of mine doing the same thing for his paint manufacturing business. We teamed up and bought a used Piper Tri-Pacer between us. It works out fine for both our companies, and it's a ball on the weekends."



FLORIST. George Todd, Cabot, Arkansas, is owner of a florist shop. "Last August, I got to thinking that here we were in the satellite age, and I couldn't even fly an ordinary airplane. So I took up flying. So did my wife. We've got three daughters, too, who are interested. I expect we'll soon be a real flying family. While I was still a student pilot, we bought a Piper Cherokee and I did some of my learning on business trips. Mostly, though, since I've gotten my license, our Cherokee is for pleasure. We've got relatives and friends scattered all around and the florist shop doesn't leave us much free time to visit. Flying our Cherokee gives us the 'mostest for the leastest.' Sure, it costs more than some hobbies, but we think flying's worth it. In my business you get to realize you can't take it with you. We now get a lot more out of life than we ever did before."

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Next week

DERBY TALK starts with the sons of Bold Ruler, who dominate the 3-year-old scene, and as the East the best is Bold Lad, now out of training but still aimed straight for Louisville.

HIGH SPEED and warm disputation are the ingredients of this year's Daytona 500—the foremost stock car auto race—in which the champion has no rival. Bob Citron reports on it.

THE ELUSIVE JAGUAR had been the object of a 10-year quest by SI's Virginia Kniff. She finally achieved a meeting on the dramatic setting of Brazil's dead Mato Grosso jungle.



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SHOPWALK

Beltz Opticians in Manhattan specializes in glasses for shooters and swimmers

For the past 25 years Master Optician William H. Beltz has combined his two favorite pursuits—shooting and optometry—by designing and creating glasses to meet the specific needs of shooters, hunters and other sportsmen. His establishment, Beltz Opticians, is located at 15 East 40th Street, New York City.

One of Beltz's specialties is the prescription lens for underwater masks. Because water pressure increases with depth, the lenses have to be unusually thick, approximately half an inch. They are ground from hardened glass, and each circular lens is about 3/4 inch in diameter and cemented onto the glass in the mask. The lenses cost from \$15 a pair, depending on the prescription, and can be fitted to most diving masks on the market today. Sky divers who must have accurate vision to do precision jumping can have thinner lenses attached to their goggles in similar fashion.

Hunters and shooters are advised to use specially tempered protective shooting glasses. Beltz lenses are annealed to give the eyes maximum protection from bouncing pellets and other hazards. Their SharpSite lenses are a skillfully blended combination of green and yellow; the yellow produces added sharpness and the green helps to cut the glare. Their Brinsite lenses are canary yellow and bring both gunshots and targets into extraordinary sharpness. The metal shooting frames are designed to hold large, wide-angle lenses that eliminate rim obstruction, and one can never look over the tops or edges of the glasses once they are fitted by the optician. The frames are gold-filled and noncorrosive and have a plastic perspiration bar of original design that prevents the lenses from fogging. Shooting glasses with SharpSite and Brinsite lenses start at \$20.

For farsighted clients shooting glasses can be equipped with segments that will enable the wearer to see the gauge of the shells, the caliber of the cartridges or to see better in the delicate work of tying flies. For pistol-packing senior citizens Beltz's innovation is an added sight segment in the upper outer portion of the correct shooting angle of 45°. A special segment is added to enable the client to shoot with both eyes open.

A new pair of glasses recommended for skiers, sailors and fishermen has front and rear visors, double hinges and side shields. This protective model is especially good for windy-day outings and costs \$18.50.

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—FELICIA LEE

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"I couldn't have made enough to support us," says Mrs. Arnoldy, "not while taking care of the family, too. Our boys, Phil and Tom were only 11 and 14, then. But with Mutual of Omaha's help, we've come through. We live modestly, but decently. Our boys finished school, have good jobs, and families of their own. I'm so thankful my husband had the foresight to buy insurance that protects his paycheck."



Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldy are shown here with their sons and their sons' families—three generations who have benefited from one Mutual of Omaha policy.

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SCORECARD

AMENDMENT FOR THE FIFTH

Basketball, says John Nucatola, supervisor of officials for the Eastern College Athletic Conference, is the only sport in which a player is permanently banished from a game for his mistakes. Nucatola equates basketball fouls with baseball errors and points out that a baseball shortstop can boot a dozen ground balls and a football lineman can commit any number of violations without getting thumbed out by an official. But in college basketball a player who is guilty of his fifth personal foul is waived to the bench for the rest of the game. Thus, Nucatola insists, is grossly unfair, and he thinks that something should be done about it.

He has a plan. It is simple enough: when a player commits his fifth personal foul he would remain in the game, the opposing team would get its normal allotment of free throws for the violation and then be awarded possession of the ball out-of-bounds at mid-court. On any subsequent fouls by the same player, the procedure would be repeated.

An informal poll by **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** indicates that such highly esteemed basketball men as Pete Newell, former University of California coach, Jack Ramsay of St. Joseph's, Joe Mullaney of Providence College, Fred Taylor of Ohio State and Adolph Rupp of Kentucky feel that Nucatola's idea has merit. The Philadelphia Public Schools League and the State University of New York Athletic Conference have been using it this season, and a majority of the coaches report that they like it, too.

Nucatola thinks that his proposal is worthy of consideration by the men who make the rules and should be given a fair trial on an experimental basis. We agree.

ANYONE FOR GOLF?

We have always felt that both golf and tennis should be in the summer Olympics, because they hold more world interest and have more participants than many other sports. Now it seems most likely that tennis indeed will be on the

program at Mexico City in 1968 as a special concession of the International Olympic Committee, which sometimes gives to each host nation the privilege of selecting a particular sport that it would like to see included in the Games. Thus judo was part of the Tokyo Olympics last October. Mexico, you see, has some pretty fine tennis players.

Fine. But how about making tennis a permanent part of the Olympics? And how about golf? More than 20 nations are capable of sending representative amateur golfers to Mexico City, which may be more nations than will have good tennis players. And what a lovely and testing course they would play: Mexico City's lush Club de Golf, one of the world's best!

The most desirable format? That is simple. Four-man teams from each nation to go 72 holes of stroke play. Aggregate totals would determine the medal-winning team; and individual medals could also be given for the three low-scoring players.

Quite aside from the color and interest golf and tennis would add to the Olympic program, both sports would gain immeasurable prestige in the amateur realm.

THE THERAPEUTIC POOL

It is the opinion of A. R. (Red) Barr, swimming coach at Southern Methodist University, that swimming is good for asthma. On the other hand, it may be that asthma is good for swimming. Three of SMU's best swimmers are asthmatics and SMU teams have been Southwest Athletic Conference champions for the last eight years.

"The first time I ever realized that swimming helped asthma was back when I was coaching high school teams in Connellsville, Pa.," Barr said. "I noticed this youngster seemed to swim better on his back than freestyle, and I took him aside. 'You ought to work on that backstroke,' I told him. 'You seem to be stronger at it.' 'I sure am,' he told me. 'It's the only thing that keeps my asthma down.'"

"His senior year he made high school All-America."

Barr's theory, which needs medical substantiation but certainly seems worth looking into, is that swimming "forces you to use those muscles way down deep in the diaphragm to take in air."

"When an asthmatic is swimming with his face in the water," says Barr, "and he comes up for breath, he's really got to grab for it and get it."

INSTANT SAILING

An English firm with the unlikely name of Taps, Poursers and Injectors, Ltd. has designed a dinghy that can be sailed indoors and is looking forward to marketing it in about six months. It is meant to be used as a sailing trainer, pretty much as the Link Trainer has been used to school aviation pilots on the ground.

The dinghy is 12 feet long with a Fairie Firefly hull in which two persons can sit and steer and control their sails exactly as they would aloft, though the boat does not actually move about the room but is supported on a heavy steel base. An instructor sits behind the pilot at an electronic console from which he can heel the boat up to an angle of 50°, turn it through a full circle at varying speeds and even give it a weather or lee helm. Large blowers, also operated from the



console, blast air at the dinghy from any direction the instructor selects.

A landlubber can thus be taught to tack, reach, run, round a buoy, cope with squalls, heave to, pick up a mooring, land on a beach and generally become an efficient sailor—without ever venturing onto the water.

The dinghy cuts training time drastically, in part because it operates regard-

continued

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less of the weather outside and because specific conditions of wind and water can be reproduced time and again. British skeptics already have been quieted by the fact that one 12-year-old took out a yacht alone after only five hours of instruction.

THE HUSTLER

It seemed a reasonably safe proposition that young Rick Dayoub offered his father, Richard, safety director for the 29th Air Division at Richards-Gebaur Air Force Base near Kansas City, Mo. If Rick scored 20 points for his Ruskin, Mo. high school basketball team against Grandview High, would his father give him a new automobile? After all, Rick pointed out, his season's scoring average was just under 10 points a game and he had never scored more than 14. Dad agreed.

The elder Dayoub had some uneasy moments when Rick, shooting better than he ever had, ran up 18 points with two minutes still to play. Then Bob Brown, Ruskin coach, pulled his starters and Dad Dayoub breathed easier.

But down on the bench Rick was arguing earnestly with the coach. The coach sent him back into the game, where Rick grabbed a rebound and went up for an easy layup just before the gun.

Two days later Rick and a wiser father went shopping for a car. Minnesota Fats would have been proud of you, Rick.

THE NEW TRADITION (CONT.)

Since it means less work and more money it is not surprising that most professional golfers seem to favor the change in format of the U.S. Golf Association Open. For those who come in late, both the Open and the Amateur will now be played as four-day, 72-hole, stroke-play competitions. The Open used to be a three-day affair, with 36 holes played on the final day. The Amateur used to be conducted as match play. The changes were made to accommodate television, and both violate long and honorable traditions of the sport.

But the opinion of the pros is not unanimous. Gene Sarazen has raised an objection. "I feel that the final 36-hole grand in the Open is a great part of golf," he said last week. "It's a great test of skill and stamina. That's why the Open championship has always been the great event that it is."

Precisely. One has only to look back

continued

How much should a young man tell his wife?

SOME young husbands are reluctant to discuss business and money affairs with their wives. Others take such discussion as a matter of course. It is, however, the rare husband who actually sits down with his wife and goes over — writes down and puts together in one place — all his financial records, covering such items as personal property, wills, savings accounts, investments, mortgages and insurance policies. And yet this method of acquainting his wife with his affairs is one of the most important things a man can do to protect her against panic and helplessness in the face of sickness, accident or death.

Often it is just these unpleasant associations — of death and illness — that keep men from "getting around" to giving their wives this important peace of mind. Yet no plans you are making for the future are complete without this simple summary of what you own, where it can be found and whom to call in case of emergency.

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and be very helpful**



**...then people will take you home
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SCORECARD *continues*

to Ken Venturi's stirring victory in the withering heat of Washington. It would not have been the triumph it was if Ken had had a night's rest between his final two rounds. He proved himself the champion he is by playing superlative golf under the most trying and difficult circumstances. Chances are we will never see the like of it again.

CONGRATULATIONS

It is not so long since, in commenting on a disgraceful riot at New York's Roosevelt Raceway during which disappointed twin double gamblers tried to burn down the track, we predicted that more such incidents were inherent in a concept that "reduces horse-race betting to the level of a lottery" (SI, Nov. 18, 1963). Incident II has now occurred. At Bowie Race Course in Maryland there was a loud disturbance after a lame horse, Caterpillar, was properly scratched just before a race and thereby left some 851 twin double tickets on the other half of his entry, Whip 'n Blinks, a rank outsider who ran an expected sixth.

The trouble with the twin double is that it was conceived in greed and breeds greed. It has little attraction for sportsmen. It has approximately the quality of the numbers game. It is beneath the dignity of horse racing. But it does increase the track's handle and thereby the profit of the track and of the state, which derives income from the track. It is beloved of politicians. That is the sole reason for its existence.

Now, as a result of the Bowie incident, the Maryland Racing Commission has abolished the twin double at Bowie, at Laurel and at Pimlico. We congratulate the commission on its handsight.

NEARING THE WALL

During the early days of January, Bobby Hull of the Chicago Black Hawks seemed a cinch to become the first man to vault hockey's highest wall—the 50-goal season. Then he slumped and was held scoreless for 21 long periods. Now Bobby is back in the scoring column. He finally got his 38th goal last Saturday and has 21 games left to score 13 goals and thereby surpass the record he holds jointly with Maurice Richard and Bernie (Bloom Bloom) Geoffrion. It is interesting to note that he is 10 games ahead of his own pace of 1961-62 and nine ahead of Geoffrion's in 1960-61. (Richard got his 38th goal in the 35th game in 1944-

continues

Darlings, which would you prefer, a shaggy dog or an attractive woman?



EVA GABOR

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SCORECARD

45 when the schedule was only 50 games.)

Tommy Ivan, general manager of the Hawks, complained last week that the opposition is constantly fouling Hull, thus deterring him from scoring. There is truth in this, but the other side of the coin is that this almost total concentration on Hull is helping the rest of the Hawks to score. While Hull was in his slump his mates collected an average of nearly four goals per game. Four goals was a lot of hockey games.

Last weekend only seven points separated the first four teams in the National Hockey League. Leaning heavily on Hull while his mates score is a policy that soon will be junked out of necessity. The next two weeks should tell whether he can top that 50, if he recovers quickly from a knee injury, because he probably will be getting more elbow room as the teams fight for position. As every one knows, Bobby never has needed much elbow room.

TOUGH COURSE

We are always pleased to report on college athletes who achieve top grades, even though it is by no means news that many of them do. The satisfaction derives from the destruction of one more stereotype.

The case of Bill Backensto, leading scorer on the University of Toledo's basketball team, is a puzzler, though. He is a sophomore in the university's College of Engineering, and he is making straight A's in such formidable subjects as calculus, psychology, economics and political science. His cumulative average is 3.84 out of a possible 4.00. Where he falls down is in physical education. His first-semester mark: a miserable B.

THEY SAID IT

- Danny O'Connell, retiring coach of the Washington Senators, recalling a game in which he hit three triples off the Phillies' Robin Roberts, earning him a record-book citation along with 33 others: "Roberts and I talk about it every time I see him. I usually bring it up."
- Eddie Arcaro, on how he keeps his weight down to a mere 10 pounds over his riding weight: "I worry it off. I'm president of an insurance company."
- Demosthenes Konstandes Andreopoulos, alias Doc Andros, Oregon State football coach: "I dropped the Greek spelling long ago. I could never remember how to spell it myself."

END

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THE BADDEST OF ALL LOOKS OVER THE UNIVERSE

Muhammad Ali, né Cassius Clay, impishly predicts that he will hold his title even against the moon. More seriously, he offers shrewd observations on Patterson's comeback and the heavyweight outlook **by TEX MAULE**

The fight was not an artistic success. But when Floyd Patterson, slower and heavier than the man who twice won the world heavyweight championship, outslugged rock-hard George Chuvalo in Madison Square Garden on Feb. 1, there suddenly was excitement and broad interest in a division that for most fight fans had all but died. By virtue of the publicity surrounding this one fight, Patterson was projected—in some ways surprisingly—straight back into the heavyweight picture. Although any assessment of current heavyweights must begin with Champion Muhammad Ali—or Cassius Marcellus Clay as he is better known—Patterson for the moment is the golden boy.

"Nobody care too much about me fighting Sonny Liston," Clay said in his Chicago office the other day. He had come from his new home (he no longer lives in Louisville) for a sometimes serious, sometimes mischievous talk about the future of the heavyweight division, and he was sprawled luxuriously behind his desk in his paneled front office. He also has a paneled back office.

"We both villains," he went on. "So naturally, when we get in the ring, the people, they would prefer if it could happen for it to end in a double knockout, because they don't want either one of us to win."

He glanced sideways at a reflection of himself in a glass on a framed picture.

He felt his cheeks and paused a minute. "I'm a little too heavy," he said thoughtfully. "It don't look good on me."

"Now, with The Rabbit," he went on, "it is entirely different. Everybody love Patterson because he got this nice, humble manner and he is so loving and everything. They all going to be cheering for him and booing at me, and they all going to come to see the fight to see him whip me. I am the most popular fighter in the world, but right here in the U.S.A. I am not. Come on, let me show you something nobody ever seen before. It's back in my back office."

He got up and led the way down a short hall to another office about the same size as the first. He sat down at another desk and began taking out double handfuls of letters and spreading them on the desk top.

"This side here," he said as he worked, "it's gonna be all U.S. mail. And this side over here, this is gonna be all mail from all over the world. All these people on this world side, they write and tell me how much they like me. Some of it I can't read, but I know what it say. Look here. Look at this one. Come right to me, and all it say on the outside is Cassius Clay, Heavyweight Champion of the World, U.S.A. I get it like that all the time. Everybody knows I am the champion."

He opened one letter from Pakistan.

"Ain't that pretty writing?" he said. He had been serious for some time now, and the strain was beginning to tell on him.

"You want me to read you what it say?" he said. "I bet you don't think I can read this language, whatever it is, do you? You listen." He leaned back in his swivel chair and peered intently at the letter.

"It say here, 'Gibble gabble gabble gabble Muhammad Ali gabble gabble gabble the champion of the entire world gabble gabble gabble gabble *NO MOUTH*.'"

He laughed at himself and put the letter back on the desk.

"It don't really say big mouth," he said. "I was just making that up. What was we talking about? Oh, who am I going to fight. Well, first, of course, I got to fight Liston again. We ain't set the date, but we gonna do that soon as I get a checkup in Boston this Monday. I feel real good, so I know that gonna be all right. Now, The Bear [Liston] is gonna be more dangerous this time because he is gonna be ready, so I ain't gonna keep him around so long. I ain't gonna predict the round, but he is too dangerous to play around with, so it will be soon."

"Then I would like The Rabbit, because it would be a big fight. People think I call him The Rabbit because he is so timid, but it ain't that. I make up

continued

Seer, raconteur, friend of the world and, incidentally, the fezzed heavyweight champion, Mohammed Ali says he will be called the King of Kings.



Chivalo enters Patterson, but Clay says: "I will beat The Rabbit. He is not so hard to hit."

these names by the way they look. Now, Floyd, he look like a rabbit, don't he? Got that little piece of hair sticking up in the front, and the way he move those little eyes around when he sit in the corner. Put me in mind of a rabbit, but he don't fight like no rabbit. Anyway, he didn't against Chivalo. He tried to fight like me against Chivalo, but he ain't near as fast as me, because they ain't no heavyweight ever lived been as fast as me and probably never will be. So I fight The Rabbit, and I think I will beat him pretty quick, because he is not so hard to hit. I ain't going to tell you how I'm gonna do it, because that would be telling secrets, but I am gonna do it. You can expect that."

He broke off to fish an obviously ancient Egyptian bronze statuette out of a desk drawer and, with appropriate ceremony, put it on his desk.

"That there is 23,000 years old," he said. "I got another one just like it here, too. Nasser gimme them. Must be worth 20, 30 thousand dollars apiece. Goes to show how people love me all over the world."

"What comes after Patterson?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "People always making up lists for me. Before I was champion they got this list of fighters I got to beat before they say I am good. Archie Moore. They say old Archie gonna stop the big mouth, and he fell in four and 16,000 people come to see. There was that big fella died later—Lavorante—I say he gonna fall in five, and another full house come to see can I do it, and I did. Then 11,000 fill Wembley Stadium in England to see me and Henry Cooper, and I got a little careless but I won. Doug Jones and me—that's another sellout in the Garden, and I took him too light and played around too much and didn't train hard enough, and I still won. So now they getting up these new lists."

"How about Ernie Terrell, if he beats Mitchen?"

"I call him The Stringbean," Muhammad said, grinning. "How come they can say him and Mitchen fighting for the championship? Ain't but one champion, just like they ain't but one President of

the U.S. And I figure I am going to go on for maybe another 20 years. What year would that take it up to?"

"Nineteen eighty-five," he was told. "We ought to be on the moon by then, shouldn't we?" Muhammad asked.

"Probably."

"Then when we meet them people on the moon—or somewhere else out there if they ain't any people on the moon—I'm gonna still be the champion of the world. And when they come down here to the earth and one of them little green men steps out of his saucer and looks around and says, 'Who is the baddest man on earth, because we want to have a tournament of the universe?' you know what they going to have to say to him? 'Muhammad Ali is the baddest man on earth,' they gonna have to say, because it is true."

He fitted an arrow to a bow which is another souvenir of his trip to Africa. The arrow had no feathers, and he shot it gently against the wall.

"Don't know how they can aim them arrows with no feathers on 'em," he said.

"But I understand they can shoot them real straight."

He put down the bow and shuffled through the letters happily.

"Why don't they just admit I am the king of kings?" he said. "After we beat The Bear, we will go after The Hare. I had a good poem all ready after the Patterson-Chivalo fight, but I didn't get to use it. It wound up, 'No matter who won February first, I could whip them both if worst come to worst.'"

He started stuffing the letters back in the desk.

"I getting hungry," he said as he finished. "I better call my wife and see if she is cooking or if I got to bring something home."

He dialed, then said, softly, "Hello, fox. You cooking, fox?" He listened for a moment and grinned. "Then I'll just bring home some ice cream," he said. "Goodbye, fox."

He swung back and leaned on the desk.

"I'll have a ball with that Patterson when we fight," he said. "I make them so mad, they forget what they doing. And I'll really get him upset, as strange as he is."

He left then, driving away in a maroon 1965 Cadillac, leaving behind some unanswered questions about Ernie Terrell and not having mentioned the fighter many, including Liston and Terrell, com-

sider the toughest in the division, Cleveland Williams. (Liston and Terrell may not be exactly unbiased in their appraisal of Williams. Liston has beaten him twice, Terrell once.)

Terrell, who is training in Chicago for the Machen fight March 5, is as unimpressed with Clay as he is with Patterson and Chuvale. "You hear him talk all the time about how he can whip Liston and Patterson and Chuvale," Terrell said. He is, at 6 feet 6 inches, the tallest heavyweight around with championship pretensions, and he probably has the best left hand in the division.

"But every time Clay puts on his gorilla suit and goes around selling wolf tickets about how good he is, he never mentions Ernie Terrell," Terrell went on. "He wants Patterson, and I don't blame him. I went to that fight in New York. Patterson fought like he had lost something, and Chuvale fought like he needed to find something. I wouldn't have any trouble with either one of them. Neither would Cleveland Williams. Clay don't mention him, neither."

Williams, the heavyweight with—apparently—neither luck nor connections, is convalescing after having been shot in the stomach in Houston, supposedly while resisting arrest. Visiting Williams last week was Sonny Liston, just cleared on his latest traffic charge in Denver. While he is in Houston, he inspected the new domed stadium.

"It's out of this world," he said. "Only thing that would make it better would be to pack it with people watching me fight. I can't fight Clay here, because we put up a lot of money and promised the people in Boston that we would hold the fight there."

Despite his loss to Clay, Liston does not seem worried about the return match. "I don't think Clay is a good fighter," he insisted stubbornly. "He runs. He surprised me in the first fight by running. I didn't think he'd do that. If I had it to do again, I would go out for that last round. It was my trainer who told me not to go out. He said I might damage the shoulder so bad I might never light again."

And Liston sings, perhaps more conveniently than convincingly, the praises of Williams, who he considers a better fighter than Clay.

"Williams caught me some shots in our first fight," he said. "He didn't run. Clay ran. I weighed 224 or 225 for that



Liston feeds Williams at hospital and says: "He caught some shots and didn't run. Clay ran."

Miami Beach fight. I didn't train properly for it. I was ready for him this last time in Boston, before they called it off because of his hernia. I could have fought for 30 rounds. I'm only 215 now, and I've never really quit training since the postponement. I'm going back into training Monday, the 8th. I've kept up my roadwork."

Looking beyond Clay, Liston is not overly impressed by the new Patterson either.

"He fought different than he usually does," Liston said. "He moved from side to side and he moved back. But Chuvale is awful slow. It was a good fight, but Cleveland Williams wouldn't have had any trouble with either one of them. I wouldn't either."

He thought about that a moment.

"Patterson hasn't improved," he said. "He's slowed up. He still don't like to get hit, either. Did you see how he would throw all those punches and then fall in and grab? If I find out I can hit a man that many punches, I'm not going to stop."

In the battle of words now raging

among the contenders, Muhammad Ali appears to have a clear superiority, with Terrell a good second, Liston a distant third and Patterson out of the running entirely. Whether Patterson will fight again before he has the opportunity to meet the winner of the Clay-Liston fight is doubtful. He and Terrell posted \$5,000 bonds to guarantee a match between them should Terrell, as seems likely, win over Machen, but Terrell is not optimistic about Patterson's fulfilling this obligation.

"He don't want any part of me," Terrell said. "And why mess up a big money fight with Clay for \$5,000?"

The Clay-Liston fight is now expected to come off on Monday night, May 24, in the Boston Garden, and it is probable that Clay will win again, perhaps more decisively than he did in Miami Beach. When he does he will not have difficulty finding another opponent. The line is long and clamorous, and the public, suddenly awakened by the strenuous efforts of Floyd Patterson and George Chuvale, is ready for almost anything, even a good fight.

END

ACES ARE HIGH IN EVANSVILLE

Best small-college basketball team in the nation, the Evansville Purple Aces are the inspiration for a tidal wave of civic pride that has engulfed a three-state area in the great bend of the Ohio River **by FRANK DEFORD**

From the top of Reitz Hill, where the kids go to park, you can see almost all of Evansville, Ind. The Mead Johnson plant, which is where they make Metrecal, is right at the base of the hill, and about as far northeast as you can see is McCutchanville, where the Johnson executives live. It is the Ohio River, however, that dominates the vista, as it curves mischievously into a fishhook, forcing the streets to run all which ways—mostly, it seems, into railroad tracks. Still, there is a saving grace to that monstrous bend in the Ohio, for it inspires Evansville to call itself (like New Or-

leans) "The Crescent City"—and that sure beats "The Bar-B-Q Capital of the World," which is the alternative.

Downtown they have built up a big flood wall with federal funds so that now The Crescent City is protected from the kind of terror that the river brought in 1937, when it overflowed all over Evansville. But many people still talk about that flood as if it were yesterday, for Evansville, with 141,543 people, is that kind of normal smallish city that is vain about anything special in its past.

Of late, though, memories of the past are not needed in Evansville, because the

present is sufficiently special—the city has the best small-college basketball team in the country, the Evansville College Purple Aces. Everyone talks about the Purple Aces. They are fun, but more than that, they bring the city distinction. The people are thrilled. The Purple Aces are like a benign flood that has come to Evansville, Ind.

The Purple Aces wear uniforms of orange, bench capes of blue, red, green, yellow and silver and their fans dress all in red, but there is no confusion about the basketball. Evansville is ranked No. 1 among the small colleges, just as



Two of the "Four Little Aces" who add color to Evansville pregame ceremonies peek through their cutouts as they parade in Roberts Stadium.

it was last year when it went on to win an unprecedented third NCAA college-division title. The Aces have two All-Americans, Jerry Sloan and Larry Holmes, and have won all 18 of their games this year, not only against schools their own size in the Indiana Collegiate Conference but against such major-college (technically known as university-division) opposition as Northwestern, Notre Dame and Iowa (which beat the national champion, UCLA).

Even more impressive is the reaction to the team, for the Purple Aces have become the cynosure not just of the city, but of the whole surrounding three-state countryside. Evansville drew 134,622 last year at home—sixth highest in the country—and another 31,895 showed up for the NCAA college-division tournament finals, annually played in Evansville. This year, with half a million copies of the team's schedule covering the area—on everything from place mats to change purses—attendance is up even more to an average of 10,700 per game.

This is especially noteworthy because Evansville College—the Methodists first called it Moores Hill Male and Female Collegiate Institute—was in operation for 102 years without attracting attention at all—except, maybe, for the one time in 1915 when the school building burned down and they moved everything that was left from Moores Hill to Evansville. Basketball began there in 1921, featuring such early high scorers as Slim Stateville and Bounce Harper. Games at first were played in the local high school gym, and later in the seclusion of the National Guard Armory. "And we couldn't even practice in the Armory on Friday," says Coach Arad McCutchan, "for religious reasons. The Catholics used the place for hingo."

Indeed, the phenomenon that is the Purple Aces can be dated from 1956, when Roberts Municipal Stadium was built. Roberts is a handsome place, seating 13,000 or so, and it was the immediate pride and joy of Evansville, a fact that did Mayor Roberts no good—since

by opening day he had already been voted out of office. Still, he does have the stadium for Evansville to remember him by. Next to Roberts is Harke Swimming Pool. Mayor Harke went on to the U.S. Senate, but in Evansville they do not talk about Harke's pool; the topic is Roberts' Stadium because that is where the action is.

The city is devoted to the team now, though the Aces are not worshipped just because they are winners or even because of the spectacle they offer. They have become an obsession, or at least an overwhelming fad. "I'm so glad to meet you," a lady told Mrs. Arad McCutchan at the beauty parlor one day. "My husband and I are dying to get tickets to these games. We're new in town, and we've never been so lonely on Saturday nights."

The Evansville following is characterized by its age—much more advanced than that of the typical college-game crowd. Students make up only a small fraction of the regular audience, and are more reserved than the townspeople. For the traditional game against Kentucky Wesleyan last month, 3,300 Purple Ace fans made the trip across the river, but less than 50 of these were students. At Roberts the Evansville undergraduates are often hard to find. The school has an enrollment of 2,542 but hardly more than 1,000 seats are reserved for the students, and they are poor seats anyway. Perhaps because of this, the students hardly bother to participate in organized cheering, except when the frenzy of the adult mob sweeps them into obliging their cheerleaders with the single chant, "A-see, A-see!"

Although the bulk of the crowd is mature and deep of throat, it is not nearly so violent as some losing coaches have suggested after they have left Evansville. One referee who concedes that point nevertheless insists "It's the noisiest big place I ever heard. When you've got adults screaming, it's different. It's penetrating. But it's just enthusiasm, and it's very good for the team." Coaches who have complained of the Evansville fanaticism have usually ended up saying they wished their own home fans were as zealous.

Sammy Newman, who is in the shoe business and who went to Evansville games back in the Armory days, is generally considered the most vocal Ace rooter. Sammy is this violent: he calls



Jerry Sloan passes to Larry Holmes in the pivot during close win over Southern Illinois.

continued

all officials "finks," and when really inflamed goes on to "rat fink," a pale extremism that would not even get him into many of the arenas where mabe is more the fashion. Sammy is expert at a spel that one hears all over Evansville, as if the citizens had been ordered to memorize it. "In what other town this size," he begins the litany, "would you find a crowd like this?" Then come the following points: the Aces have been a great thing for Evansville, they have united the city and they have Put The City On The Map. Furthermore, nothing else—business or social—is scheduled in conflict with Aces games, and (the speech concludes with admirable frankness) before the Aces there was never much to do in Evansville anyway.

Evansville people substantiate these generalities with the following collection of specifics: 1) some unruly fans once paid their way in to Roberts three times, coming back each time they were ejected; 2) season-ticket rights have been a major point of issue in divorce suits and 3) season tickets of the deceased have been fought over publicly. All these tales are true. In connection with No. 3, one ticket holder died at night, and the man who owned seats to his immediate left showed up at 8:30 the next morning to request that they be passed on to him. He was denied his petition because the seat holder on the deceased's right had had the foresight to show up at 6:15.

Part of this enthusiasm for the Aces comes about because their rise has paralleled Evansville's own growth in the past few years. The school has constructed some impressive buildings and strengthened its curriculum, while the city has attracted considerable new industry in a strong comeback after its largest employer pulled out a few years ago. So rooting for the Aces is caught up with cheering for the whole city; and Evansville is a pretty progressive place for a city its size. It has a philharmonic orchestra, a museum and a zoo that elicits almost as much pride as the team does.

"This is the kind of people they are—I mean the people who go see the games and support everything," a former Evansville resident says. "This zoo was the only zoo in Indiana, and the newspapers were always making noise about that. Well, one day someone writes in and says there is also a zoo in Gary or Indianapolis or some place. Fine. But a week later the newspapers and every-

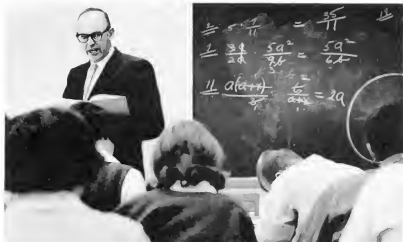
body else are back to saying that they have the only zoo in Indiana. Everybody in town will give you that only-zoo-in-Indiana stuff now [they do], and nothing is going to change it. It's the same way with the small-college tournament. These people are convinced that they're getting big. Evansville headlines all over America, when mostly they're just getting a couple of inches buried somewhere."

Despite the lack of headlines and their small-college status, the Aces could compete favorably against any team in the country, and last year—when they had more height and a better bench—they were among the best by any definition. "This way, we make them guess how good we are," Coach McCutchan says. "And besides, if we had major status, we'd be just another good team, and we wouldn't be getting all this attention." The Aces are virtually bound to remain small college through 1987, since the NCAA finals are committed to Roberts until then. Of more concern now is the threat that the big-name schools may stop playing the Aces, if they decide that the hefty \$6,000 a game they take out of Evansville is not enough to salve pride wounded by being beaten by a small-college team.

Evansville fans are surely getting more than their money's worth, and not just because the price scale ranges all the way from \$1.50 to \$2 a game. For in Sloan and Humes, Evansville has as good a pair of players as any team in the country. Sloan runs the team's attack, which is at its best, and simplest, when he is working the ball in to Humes. The Aces like to fast break, but are also meticulous in setting up. The offense is marked further by its versatility, since all the starters are close to the same size and can play back and forecourt. Forward Humes is 6 feet 4, Forward Russ Greger (a local boy) only 6 feet 2, and Guard Sam Watkins 6 feet 3—but all can interchange. Center Herb Williams is a mere 6 feet 3 (though he can touch 11 feet 4) and can move outside. Sloan is a 6-foot-6 guard who leads the team in rebounding. He is also the very best defensive player on campus, agile and strong enough to have successfully guarded men from 5 feet 6 to 6 feet 11. He turned down a \$17,000 no-cut contract from the Baltimore Bullets last spring to play out his eligibility, and this year he will certainly be one of the first three or four players drafted

by the NBA. Humes, a junior, averages 32.7, more than twice Sloan's mark, but he is less a pro prospect because he may be too small to use his fantastic inside one-on-one moves among the professionals. As a collegian he is extremely dangerous with the ball, and he and Sloan are thrilling to watch. "The only thing I regret about us being in the college division," McCutchan says, "is that Jerry and Larry won't get the recognition they deserve."

McCutchan says these things with absolute sincerity. He was high scorer at Evansville for three years back in the '30s, took over the coaching in 1946 and is athletic director now, too, but he still teaches physical education and mathematics. ("Factor out does not mean throw out, like some of you seem to think.") Mrs. McCutchan is an English teacher, and their diverse talents have helped a lot of basketball players along. McCutchan comes from the farmland north of Evansville and north, too, of that rich bedroom suburb of McCutchanville, which was named for his forebears. Now he lives in town, almost equidistant from the college and the stadium. He eats his breakfast cereal with Metrecal, and he feeds his players Nutramet, which is sort of a high-cal Metrecal. Son Alan graduated from Evansville into Yale Medical School last year, daughter Marilyn is a junior there now and daughter Jeanne will no doubt be a freshman there in the fall of 1987. He has had offers from other and bigger schools but, at 52, Arad McCutchan has no ideas about leaving. Some anonymous fans paid his initiation dues into the Evansville Country Club, and he has the use of a station wagon, ostensibly for being commissioner of the Evansville Little League. Everybody calls him Mac (from McCutchan, naturally, he says it means "son of shield bearer," whereas Arad's Biblical derivation is "wild ass"). "I was named for my grandfather," he explains. "There were three brothers, and their father—that would be my great-grandfather—named them by opening up the Bible and running his finger down the page. He would use the first male name he came across. The oldest son was Arad. The second didn't do too bad—Bartholomew. But the third son came up Arphaxad, and he died within a year. As I understand it, they thought maybe poor little Arphaxad had been killed by that name, because he was the last



Coach McCutchan, here teaching math, is also athletic director, head of the physical education department and distributor of souvenir red socks

one they named just by opening up the Bible."

McCutchan is a fine, precise coach, who is quite casual and unmoved by all the fuss about Evansville. He remembers the Armory days. He is not the least bit afraid to think about a day when interest in the Purple Aces will approach normality. "But I don't know," he says. "We had a bad season three years ago, and we still drew 91,000 and they just took more interest in the freshmen. They just can't wait for the season to start. We had 8,000 this year for the freshman-varsity game. They were all out there, trying out their red, helping me to discover some sleeper. But I know it can't go on. What are we going to do when this thing starts to break?"

When—indeed, if—it does, the memories of the golden age of the Purple Aces no doubt will be less concerned with McCutchan's coaching (308-180 record now) or his team (three national championships) than with all those colors the team wears. It is the first thing most people ask about, and the answers all vary. Purple was always there and at some point they just got around to tacking it in front of "Aces." The true meaning of

Aces has been lost as sure as the purple. It was, actually, a tribute to the World War I variety, but today the team's mascots are small children decked out as four of another kind. The capes of many colors are strictly gimmicks. McCutchan had to get some new ones, and he thought they would be a little more lively. The selection of orange for the uniforms is, on the other hand, by pure scientific design. McCutchan found that orange is the easiest color to pick out when, say, Jerry Sloan is trying to make a pass.

But red is really the color, and it is all by accident—just because McCutchan happened to wear a pair of red-and-black socks to a game in 1959. Evansville won, a few fans noticed the red (if not the black), and red items began to show up at Roberts. Publicist Bob Hudson, who does an imaginative and energetic job of marshaling all this crazy interest, pushed the idea, and once it caught on there was no stopping it. The Evansville red in Roberts Stadium is a stunning sight. It flowers from the benches, and there is a red carpet for the visitors' feet. Among the Aces themselves, it starts with McCutchan's young assistant, Tom O'Brien, who wears a red

vest. McCutchan also wears a red vest and a red tie, too, and—of course—red socks. He even gives out commemorative red socks now. The color flows back into the stands, where the \$100-a-season Tip-Off Club members sit in the lower seats with their names on them. Red is densest through here, but it proliferates throughout the place, and is spotted into the far reaches—as if a bomb had burst at mid-court, the shrapnel drawing less blood higher up.

Red is everywhere in Evansville and environs now. There is sort of an overkill of red about The Crescent City, for the hottest fans have whole wardrobes of red—the red tie this game, the red shirt for the next, and so on. Sammy Newman wears red on red. A man came into town recently in anguish because in Jasper, Ind., 60 miles away, there was not a red sweater to be had.

It is a strange cult that produces this sort of thing. It is emotion and pride and social status and fun and games, all these things intertwined—an effect loud enough to properly demand red and to put a city on the map, and even to take the heat off the fact that there really is another zoo in Indiana.

END





Whoops! Barrel Staves Are Back

One of the stock items in an aging American's fund of nostalgia is the pair of barrel staves that were lashed to his boots with strips from an inner tube and used as skis. Progress doomed staving at some point between the wars, or so it seemed. But this winter staves are making a rollicking comeback on the ski slopes of Killington, Vt., where traditionalists like Bill Wood and Paul Racicot (*left*) are cutting antique capers. Enthusiasts claim that staves are perfect for *Wodele* and fine for resting, too (*below*). Vermont-er Preston Smith started the revival as a gimmick. Now, with Yankee acumen, he sells edged whiskey-barrel staves complete with normal ski bindings at a cool \$29.95 a pair.



JANIS CARROLL

THE BEST 18 IN AMERICA

BY DAN JENKINS

A great golf hole is a delicate conspiracy of man and nature. It is difficult but fair, ruggedly scenic but well-conditioned, risky but rewarding—and sometimes even privileged and historic. At right and on the following pages are nine such holes, the first nine of America's Best 18. Each hole is in the same position that it occupies on its own course and each, through some combination of the standards cited above, is better than any of its counterparts in the country. The holes, which add up to a dream course, were chosen by Sports Illustrated after consultation with three men who have seen hundreds of U.S. courses: USGA Executive Director Joseph Dey, Professional Byron Nelson and Amateur Charlie Coe. While in the final process of selecting the Best 18, Dan Jenkins, an 8-handicap golfer, played them all. He describes the holes, and tells how—alas—he fared.

The 1st at Merion, a matter of simplicity, beauty and tradition.







The approach to the 8th at Prairie Dunes, where Kansas looks like Scotland.



1 MERION

PAR 4 360 YARDS

Every golfer knows what a good starting hole should be. From the tee markers down to a gimme putt, it is a hole that best suits his own game. The tournament professional wants a birdie hole, the low-scoring amateur seeks a cinch par, the high handicapper looks for a lot of room for his intriguing variety of trick shots and the public course player simply hopes for some grass. The perfect first hole should lure the golfer, should excite him, should test him just a little and should give him a good chance of walking away satisfied—he has, after all, 17 more to go. To fit this exceptional purpose, there is no better No. 1 in America than that on the East Course of famous old Merion.

Merion. Here, as so many celebrated golfing figures have said and written for half a century, is a classic course. Thoughtfully and skillfully and painstakingly set into the natural terrain of a Philadelphia Main Line suburb, Merion weaves almost romantically among evergreen, birch, gum, oak and elm trees, around shaded creeks and then, at the end, makes a heroic leap over an ancient quarry.

Each hole is memorable in character and perfectly kept. Every blade of Merion bluegrass—a hardy strain discovered accidentally one day behind the 17th tee and since put into every Merion fairway and a million lawns—is a matter of intense pride to an austere membership characterized by established wealth and a dedication to sports.

Originally organized as a cricket club in 1865 (annual dues \$2), it added a golf course for a small group of members in 1896 and eventually thwarted bankruptcy by grudgingly expanding to its present membership of 666. But it never lost its character. It is today the kind of club where a member will rise in wrath at an annual meeting, as one did, and demand to know by whose authority a vine of honeysuckle was removed from an all-but-out-of-play fence on the back nine. The chairman of the greens committee answered that it was done by his authority, that's whose, and in the fuss that followed he resigned. It is a club where change comes slowly, and what others call progress is viewed as more blight than delight. It was not until relatively recently that Merion's men were allowed to play golf in shorts, an attire change pioneered by the women, who had not had it easy either. In the 1949 Women's Amateur at Merion, Marlene Bauer started for the first tee in shorts. She was one of the tournament's biggest names, but no matter. The chairman of the house committee took her discreetly aside, expressed his deepest regrets and asked her to change into a skirt forthwith. She did. And though this may be the era of sport shirts and alpaca sweaters, Fred Austin, pro at Merion for 19 years, would as soon give a lesson in his underwear as be seen on his course without a proper shirt and bow tie.

It is fitting that Merion has been the site of 11 USGA

championships, more than have been held at any other club, and that it is the only course on which a U.S. Open could be played without what the pros call "Open treatment." The fast, rolling greens show no trace of scars, and they putt incredibly true. The Scottish-styled bunkers—"The White Faces of Merion"—are already in championship position, locations achieved 50 years ago by having the club's greenkeeper spread bed sheets on the ground to simulate bunkers, while the designers stood back and ordered, "Move them left," or, "Move them right." And the fairways, of course, are like cashmere.

The East Course was laid out in 1912 by a group of members from the cricket club led by Hugh Wilson, a Philadelphia insurance man who had taken up golf. Wilson was sent by the club to Scotland and England to study the contours and subtleties of the best courses there, and many of his observations were incorporated into a remarkably sound design. The most famous of golf courses have undergone extensive changes, but since the East Course was



For the accurate driver, just a simple pitch shot—maybe.

opened only one hole has been drastically changed—the first. It once played as a dogleg left, with Ardmore Avenue, a mere wagon trail, as out-of-bounds. By 1915, however, Ardmore Avenue had become a busy artery. So the tee was moved adjacent to the veranda of the huge white-frame clubhouse, and a dogleg right was forced around a clump of tall Japanese pines.

From the first tee the golfer sees an array of strategically placed bunkers flanking the fairway that will catch either a hook or shot. If the tee shot is pushed, the Japanese pines become an insuperable problem, completely screening the green. A pulled drive makes the hole play long, and the shot to the beautifully trapped green becomes formidable. A sound tee shot leaves nothing but a short iron over a large bunker to a green that will hold almost any approach perfectly.

One of the nice things about Merion's first hole is that a mediocre shot need not kill you. I teed off from the rear half of the regular men's tee, the same general area I chose on all of the Best 18. My drive hooked lazily into a bunker, but the ball sat well on the "white face," and I had a chance to recover with a five-iron. With the satisfaction of knowing that even if the shot went straight up it would still be the beginning of a course record on the finest 18 ever played, I reached the green from the bunker and two-putted for an imperfect par on a perfect starting hole.

continued

The 4th at Baltusrol, a ripple of old traditions beyond the lake and above the stone wall.

2 SCIOTO PAR 4 436 YARDS

It is perfectly possible to hit a huge, howling slice off the 2nd tee at Scioto Country Club and watch the ball bounce across Club Road and settle on a front yard in the fashionable Upper Arlington residential section of Columbus, Ohio. It is just as possible to hit a low, looping hook and see the ball disappear into a creek to the left which hides behind a wall of sycamore and fir trees. What is almost impossible for anyone except Jack Nicklaus, who learned to play golf at Scioto, is to drive about 260 yards up and



Two big wood shots and a good Jack charm should do it.

beyond a set of bunkers intruding on the right side of the fairway so that the green can be reached without the caddy kicking the ball once or twice.

Scioto's 2nd epitomizes what the touring pros call a "big hole." Though it does not measure exceedingly long as par-4 holes go, it plays long because a deep ravine below the elevated tee gives a gradual rise to the fairway over the entire distance to the green. Thus any tee shot that does not carry near the crown of the fairway, at least 330 yards out, will leave only a glimpse of the green.

Most of the game's accomplished players have left clear marks in the seaside-bent fairways and orchard-bent greens of the 49-year-old Scioto club, and Bobby Jones won a U.S. Open there in 1926. (For Jones the 9th, rather than the 2nd, was the most forbidding hole. Jones never parred it. When he returned to Scioto a few years later for an exhibition he again failed to par the 9th. This may be a relatively insignificant footnote in the history of golf, but it is a well-remembered fact within the rambling, pink-brick, modern clubhouse of Scioto because there were few holes that Bob Jones did not conquer.)

The membership of Scioto, which is not quite as aristocratic or wealthy as that of Columbus Country Club, has had sporadic thirsts for big tournaments. It staged the 1950 PGA Championship, one of the more memorable ones under the old match-play format, and no doubt a milestone in the slow, sad departure from that format. After heavily favored Sam Snead lost a second-round match to an unknown club pro named Eddie Burke when Burke chipped in from 30 feet for an eagle on the 18th, the crowds stayed away and everybody lost. Three matches went extra holes and, in each, Scioto's No. 2 was the decider. Henry Picard missed an 18-inch putt on the 2nd, or the 38th, to let another unknown, Henry Williams, slip into the final against the eventual winner, Chandler Harper.

Scioto began making plans in 1959 to refine the course and enlarge the greens, believing that the club would be awarded still another major championship, perhaps the

1961 U.S. Open. But that Open was given to Oakland Hills instead. "The USGA felt our greens were too small and antiquated," says a Scioto official. "Then they awarded the 1963 Open to Brookline, where the greens are almost exactly like ours." Scioto's improvements were completed anyhow, but the USGA is about as well-liked at Scioto today as the Ku Klux Klan in Harlem, and Scioto members savor the thought that the '62 Open was won by none other than Scioto's Jack Nicklaus. Jack did it by booming his drives over Oakmont's famed bunkers—just as he does at Scioto's No. 2.

My own drive boomed over the ravine just below the tee and stayed clear of the front lawn across Club Road. But it did not carry quite long enough to reach the desired plateau of the fairway. The green looked large enough as it sprawled in front of some sycamores on the right and a cluster of maples on the left. It also looked reachable with a firm three-iron from a slight uphill lie. But, pressing the shot, I pulled it into the left rough about 20 yards shy of the green and realized that a four-wood might have been a wiser selection. A wedge from the rough ran past the flag and left a putt of 12 feet for a par. It is my belief that all golfers have moments when they know a putt is going to fall, that nothing could keep it out of the cup. One reason for my extreme confidence this day may have been that I had just spotted Evangelist Billy Graham, who was in town for a revival, teeing off on the 3rd hole. My putt hung for an instant and then dropped for a par 4. When I looked back at Billy Graham, he was walking toward the rough.

3 OLYMPIC PAR 3 220 YARDS

Some warm, clear day all of the unpublished poets and ungallied artists from the North Beach area of San Francisco should take a trip out by Lake Merced and sit down on the 3rd tee at Olympic Country Club. The esthetic experience is every bit as rewarding as an intellectual debate in the Co-Existence Bagel Shop, for from this highly elevated tee you can see the distant towers of lots of people's favorite city and the glistening strands of the Golden Gate Bridge. Unfortunately, the golfer must eventually shift his view down, down and down some more to the sunken green 220 yards away. And ultimately he must play some kind of shot.

Virtually every foot of the landscape adds to the theatrical qualities of this hole. The tee is recessed in a dark chute of pines and is so high that any decently lofted shot will hang in the cool air for a long time. A steep hillside of Monterey cypress to the left of the green forms a natural amphitheater of trouble. The bent-grass fairway is tiered down to the speedy putting surface, and to the right there is a heavy growth of more Monterey cypress, plus some pines and fir trees—evergreens so dense that balls hit into them often disappear forever. (Three limbs were once cut off a cypress tree on the 8th hole at Olympic and 105 golf balls fell out.) Five bunkers further protect the 3rd green from anything less than a well-hit drive, if the wind is up and the markers are back, or perhaps a two-iron, if the markers are up, the wind is down and the player is consumed with the confidence—of—say—Jack Fleck.

Olympic is where the unheralded Fleck won the 1955 U.S. Open Championship after the trophy had been all but picked and mailed to the Fort Worth address of Ben Hogan. Hogan had finished early with a 287, was announced as the winner on television and to the press in the locker room, only to be tied by Fleck's birdie-par-par-birdie finish. Fleck then scored one of golf's most memorable upsets of all time by defeating Hogan in an 18-hole playoff the next day—and he did it after gaining vast amounts of confidence at the 3rd hole.

On the 3rd that day Hogan hit first, and put a two-iron within four feet of the flag. Fleck scraped his shot to a ridge of a bunker, but it bounced on the green instead of back into the sand and ended up about 20 feet from the hole. Fleck got down in two for his par, and Hogan then mused his birdie. "That showed me," said Jack later, "that Hogan was only human."

Fleck's Open victory focused attention on Olympic that the club had long deserved and established its reputation as one of the country's finest courses. The U.S. Open will be played at its Lake Course—there is a less demanding 18 known as the Ocean Course—again in 1966, and no doubt the USGA will continue to schedule major tournaments there every 10 years or so.

Olympic was organized in a San Francisco firehouse in 1860 as an institution devoted to building muscles, and it remained a sweat-and-steam athletic club until it began broadening its sporting horizons early in this century. In 1921 the members purchased the old Lakeside Country Club, remodeled the course, added another 18 and built an enormous, Spanish-style clubhouse that looks to this day like the home of a silent film star. With 1,050 golfing members—mostly upper-middle-class businessmen—and golf privileges available to 6,000 more members of the downtown club, eight miles away, Olympic is usually a noisy, crowded place, and far from snobbish. The Lake Course is one of the most heavily played anywhere, and were it not for the moist, cool Pacific climate that makes the terrain easy to maintain, the course probably would have as much grass on it as the Mojave Desert.

But no matter how frequently a golfer plays Olympic, he will always be struck by the beauty of the 3rd hole. He may even be so struck that he will pull a four-wood into the gaping bunker to the left of the green, as I did. From the bunker, I noticed, it was awfully difficult to see San Francisco or the Golden Gate Bridge or, for that matter, how to make a par. And I place very little esthetic value on the mediocre explosion shot and two putts which followed for a bogey 4.



Somewhere among the pines there must be a green.

4 BALTUSROL PAR 3 183 YARDS

Springfield, N.J. is only 45 minutes from Broadway, a fact that neither impresses nor consoles commuters for, as every working New Yorker knows, there are lots of times when even Fifth Avenue is 45 minutes from Broadway. But for 70 years Springfield's proximity to America's largest city has been of special interest to golfers, because Baltusrol Golf Club is there, and Baltusrol has contributed so much lore to the game that its slopes and woodlands are almost a shrine. One has only to turn into the curving driveway and be met by the massive stone castle that Baltusrol has called a clubhouse since 1909 to sense the strange nostalgia that a man feels for things he has heard much of but never really known. For a fleeting instant the visitor must struggle



The namesake was murdered, and the shot is a killer.

with the impulse to stoop, buck up and go fetch a set of clubs with hickory shafts and a stuffy attitude to match.

Baltusrol was founded in 1895 by a gentleman named Louis Keller, a deaf little fellow with sandy hair, a drooping mustache and a squeaky, affected voice. If the description seems apt for the sort of man who might also originate the *Social Register*, then good, because Louis Keller did that, too. The land was originally owned by a farmer named—it's true—Baltus Roll. He lived on top of a small mountain behind the point where the clubhouse now sprawls. Mr. Roll was found dead in a snowbank in 1831, the victim of a murderer who believed a legend that great sums of money lay hidden in the Roll farmhouse. The mountain and, later, the club were named after the unfortunate farmer.

At first the club had only a nine-hole course, but *The New York World* called it "as fine and springy a turf as was ever lacerated by a duffer," and play was heavy because the course was near a railroad. The members, who were nearly all from New York, would sometimes bicycle out from the city and then put their cycles aboard a train for the return trip. In 1903 the USGA selected Baltusrol as the site of the U.S. Open, the first of 10 major championships it has staged there. In 1920 the old course was torn up and Archie W. Tillinghast designed the present upper and lower courses, which are justly famous.

It was on the Upper Course in 1936 that an obscure pro, Tony Manero, shot a finishing 67 to break the existing Open record by four strokes and win at 282. And it was on the Lower Course in 1954—the first U.S. Open to be televised—that Ed Furgol, by playing a shot out of the woods and onto the Upper Course on the last hole, managed to salvage a par 5 and win. In 1967, when the U.S. Open will

continued

likely again return to Baltusrol, it will probably be played on the Lower Course—the stronger of the two. One reason for its superior strength is length, and another is a wider variety of holes, the most striking of which is the 4th.

Admittedly, this is the second par-3 in a row on the 18 Best, but the reason for selecting each of them must outweigh this academic flaw. Few par-3s encompass as much playing value as Baltusrol's No. 4. "It has great flexibility," says Joseph Dey, of the USGA. "There are some marvelous pin positions, and the large, undulating green can present some very difficult putts." Much of the character of the 4th was built into it by Golf Architect Robert Trent Jones when he reshaped the green and lengthened the tee. Members complained he made the hole too hard, so Jones went out to play it with club officials. "I don't agree," Jones told them, and he then teed off and made a hole in one, proving his point forever.

The tee shot requires whatever club the golfer uses best at 183 yards, over a devastating lake to a two-level green. With the flag forward and to the left, I hit a four-iron back and to the right. Safe. Prudent. Gutless. The first putt was indeed dangerous, but it slid only four feet down from the cup. I calmly sank the next one for a par and stalked stuffily away to await the impact of my feet on the *Social Register*.

5 COLONIAL PAR 4 459 YARDS

When the owner of a household-appliance store or a small lumberyard or a car dealership in Fort Worth gets his business on solid ground, his first goal is to join Colonial and hope that one day the club's most distinguished member, Ben Hogan, will say hello to him in the clubhouse. His next goal is to try to par the 5th hole.

The odds on either event happening right away are as long as the hole itself. Nobody—not even Hogan—can par the 5th consistently. It is the most notorious golf hole in Texas, a golfing state. As for that other matter, Hogan rarely appears at Colonial anymore. He is usually across town at Shady Oaks, a posh and less crowded country club, even though Colonial is where he shaped the game that won him so many championships. Colonial, in fact, has a special room for Hogan trophies and bric-a-brac that looks like breakfast at Tiffany's. When Hogan does turn up at Colonial's large brick clubhouse—it looks like a public school—it is usually in May for the National Invitation tournament, which he has won five times.

Colonial was built specifically as a championship course in the '30s by a wealthy department-store owner and oilman, Marvin Leonard, who is, coincidentally, a friend and onetime benefactor of Hogan—Leonard bankrolled Hogan to success in tournament golf. In a lush river-bottom area near downtown Fort Worth, Leonard set out to construct the best course in Texas, one which would have the first bent-grass greens in the Southwest and would be capable of playing host to the U.S. Open. He succeeded.

Colonial has been termed "the toughest par-70 in the world" by Cary Middlecoff, "one of the five best courses in the country" by Byron Nelson, and "unfair" by Arnold Palmer, who has rarely played it well. It is long and narrow

and infested with pecan trees, flower beds, ponds and a river. It is a severe driving course that requires both length and placement off the tees. The artificial fader has a definite edge—Hogan once adored the fade—in that seven of nine difficult driving holes bend to the right.

Marvin Leonard managed to persuade the USGA to award the Open to Colonial in 1941, a tournament that will long be remembered for its second day of action. It is doubtful if any Open round ever was played under less suitable circumstances. A brutal storm blackened the Texas sky and lightning flashed throughout the day. Play was delayed twice and withdrawals were numerous.

At the height of the storm Craig Wood, who had won the Masters, sought shelter in a ditch beneath a long row of dripping branches at Colonial's 5th and deplored his situation: three over for the tournament, ball in the rough, drenched through to the corset he wore on his ailing back. He said he was quitting. "No you're not," said Tommy Armour, with whom Wood was playing. "This course is eating people alive. Keep swinging." Wood did. He bogied the 5th, but he played the next 49 holes in even par and won.

Unhappily, there were no such incentives as I stood in the same place as Craig Wood at the 5th hole—completely dry, uncorseted and in sunlight. I looked down the fairway and thought how they had built it especially for the 1941 Open, and how it had taken 25 men, mules, TNT and two weeks to clear out the huge pecan trees and level the land. They could have spent a couple more days and leveled a little more, for the sight from the tee was appalling. The markers were shoved back against a fence, the brown-tinted Trinity River lurked close by on the right and some 230 yards down the fairway there was a small target area of Bermuda grass where the hole doglegged right. The prevailing southerly wind suggested that any sort of uncontrolled fade or slice would sweep the ball into the river. So I duck-hooked into the ditch.

When perfectly hit, the drive on this hole is a controlled fade that carries to the fairway bend so that a medium to long iron will reach the fast, curling green, framed by trees, a bunker on the left and a dropoff to the river on the right.



If you hit a slice off the tee, you need an oar to approach.

But out of the ditch the shot was a low hook from a downhill lie that would sail under some branches. It happened to be a shot I knew well. Club face closed, hands over and forward, ball off the right toe. The only thing that went wrong was the ball. It went straight—straight into the Trinity River. Taking a drop and shooting 4, I guided a nine-iron onto the green—the wrong side—and thereupon three-putted down and across an aging crease of slick bent grass for an absolutely forgettable triple-bogey 7. I should have gone over to Shady Oaks instead and said hello to Ben.

6 SEMINOLE PAR 4 388 YARDS

The men's locker room at The Seminole Golf Club in Palm Beach, Fla., is long and airy, with windows overlooking the course. It is decorated with thick gold rugs, cypress clothes closets that have intricate designs carved on the doors, overstuffed sofas and chairs, a fireplace, a small bar and the heads of 15 wild animals that stare down from the walls. It is one of the better places in Florida in which to change your shoes.

A visitor to Seminole who does not own a private island



Like baseball: hit the ball and then run, down to the right.

or an obscure nation can be excused for feeling slightly out of his social strata, for the club is surely among the most exclusive in the world. Many of the 350 golfers—the waiting list is longer than U.S. 1—live in Palm Beach and Hobe Sound, which are not exactly factory districts, and if any of them still work it is by phone. There are other members who come from across large bodies of water or vast stretches of this continent. ("Our members are the finest people in the world," is the description of Seminole offered by Greens Chairman Chris Dunphy, who has been there since 1937.) They belong to Seminole because it has a quiet atmosphere of formal informality—and a golf course that few can equal. Ben Hogan, an honorary member who has for years spent from four to six weeks in Palm Beach tuning up his game for the Masters, once said, "Seminole is the only course I could be perfectly happy playing every single day." And he added, "If you can play well at Seminole you can play well anywhere."

The course sits close by the Atlantic Ocean, and there are times when the salt spray looks like smoke blowing across the fairways. Yet it is in excellent condition during the months when it is open, from mid-November to mid-May. The fairways are a velvety grass called Ormand Bermuda, and the Bermuda greens are fast but true. Seminole has more elevation than the usual Florida course, and from some tees or a knoll of high ground the golfer can see a cluster of maintenance workers manning the premises until the entire 6,890 yards looks as inviting as a millionaire's lawn.

Seminole is down where the sea winds blow, and this is one of the course's hazards. It is not ordinarily a cruel wind, the kind that makes play unpleasant. It is more of a spanking breeze that comes and goes, and the man who does not know how to punch an iron shot and keep it low had better beware when he plays against Seminole's experienced members.

With or without the wind, the 6th hole (see cover) is Seminole's best. Tommy Armour has called it "the finest single golf hole in the United States," and Hogan calls it "the best par-4 in the world."

Yet the hole will not immediately impress the average player, for many of its virtues are subtle. To begin with, the view from the tee encompasses a string of deep sand bunkers. Although the hole is relatively short, the green cannot be seen. The fairway is there, but it curves lazily to the left, around one set of these traps. In a dense mass along the right side of the fairway, shielding out-of-bounds markers and breaking the noise from adjoining U.S. 1, is a long row of tall Australian pines. Numerous palm trees are strategically placed down the left side. The perfect tee shot must be aimed out over the longest expanse of sand and then faded back into the fairway, where it will roll downhill to the right. "Just take off as much of the sand as you think you're big enough to take off," Hogan says.

If the tee shot makes the fairway, the next view is equally challenging. Chewing into the fairway from the right and closing it down to a gate of only 20 yards are more bunkers. The hole is now swerving back to the right. The approach is toward a flag that appears to be sitting in the midst of sand. This shot, depending on the bravery and accuracy of the tee shot—and the wind—is anything from a four-iron to a nine-iron, and the one thing the golfer knows is that he dare not be wrong, especially if he is hitting from the right side of the fairway.

Being a sporting fellow, I attempted to cut off as much of the sand as possible from the tee. It was like trying to drive the Sahara, and while the shot looked good it caught a bunker. I found the ball sitting unperturbed between a couple of tiny but nonetheless distracting seashells left over from Florida's last hurricane. A five-iron approach sailed 30 yards—the seashells went 50—but at least it got into the fairway. A nine-iron, which was played rather untidily to the open left side of the green, stopped inches off the putting surface. I chipped up to within about three feet of the cup and made the putt for a bogey 5. As I walked away it occurred to me that I ought to empty the sand out of my shoes before I went indoors to change them on those gold rugs.

7 PINE VALLEY PAR 5 570 YARDS

Any man who has ever wagged a wedge with serious intent knows about Pine Valley. He knows from books, articles, pictures and locker room conversations that this is the course with the largest sand traps and funnest footprints in the world. He knows also that Pine Valley has more trees, bushes, Scotch broom, poverty grass, hawthorn and mountain laurel lying around those traps—and in them—than any course in the world. And finally he believes that if he ever is fortunate enough to be invited to play there he probably will not be able to break 100, because Pine Valley is the science-fiction monster of all golf courses, a nightmare without parallel.

All of this is true, to some extent. Located in the New Jersey shore area east of Philadelphia near a little town called Clementon, Pine Valley is the most difficult course

continued

anywhere for the man who makes a lot of mistakes. Its expansive hazards of unkempt rough and sand and its dungcoats of pine forgive nothing. Almost every fairway and green is an island surrounded by sand through which footprints lead in and then out again, mute and memorable testimony to the trials and determination of those who have come before. It is a course where a well-regarded member once made a 42 on the waterbound 14th and where a British Walker Cup player stood on the 2nd tee and said, "Do you chaps play this hole, or do you simply photograph it?" It is a 43-year-old course where the lowest score ever posted is still only a three-under-par 68, and a course that is known as "Crump's Folly," because the builder, George Crump, a retired Philadelphia hotelman, set out to construct the toughest course ever—and exceeded his worst hopes. Finally, it is so hallowed a course that Jack Nicklaus took part of a day out of his honeymoon to play it for the first time, while his wife, Barbara, sat in the car. Pine Valley was pleased to welcome Nicklaus, but never has welcomed a woman and presumably never will.

Despite the terrors of Pine Valley and the legends that surround it, the course is surprisingly fair. There is plenty of fairway, even for the chronic hooker or slicer if he will allow himself some room for his misdeeds. The greens are immense and they hold any sort of decently struck approach. It is also one of the two or three best-conditioned courses in the U.S.—at least where the grass is.

There are many famous holes at Pine Valley, but the 7th is classically distinctive on two counts: it is that fairly rare thing, a truly demanding par-5, and it has a bunker known from here to Heaven as Hell's Half Acre. Actually, Hell's Half Acre is an acre and a half, and though much of it is sand there is also a goodly amount of the kind of scrubby South Jersey flora that a rabbit might relish but a golfer detests. It is golf's largest sand trap, and it stretches across the 7th fairway at a critical point, guaranteeing that nobody will ever reach the green in two.

From back in a tunnel of pines near the residence of Club President John Arthur Brown, I hit a 235-yard tee shot that faded just off the edge of the fairway. The shot to the second landing area of the hole, across Hell's Half Acre, was a 200-yard four-wood from a tight but not discouraging lie. It also needed to fade a little, which it did not. Out of sight it went, deep into the upper left reaches of the infamous hazard.

The caddies at Pine Valley have a way, sometimes for the worse, of fudging the ball. In my case, this was good, for it was in a patch of open sand beside some small cedars, and I managed to slap it out onto the fairway with a seven-iron. I then hit a mediocre nine-iron, but it cleared the most of sand in front of the green and left me a 30-foot putt for a 5. I sank the putt. Ho hum. A typical par at Pine Valley.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DONALD MOSE

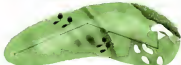


One in the trees, two in the sand, three in the sand. . .

8 PRAIRIE DUNES PAR 4 424 YARDS

Straight away in the distance, crawling across the horizon, are the sweeping sandhills. To the right and left, twitching in the normal 25 mph wind, are broad, swollen patches of knee-high native grass, festering clumps of yucca plants, plum thickets and sunflowers. This is the outlook from every tee at one of America's most unusual golf courses, Prairie Dunes Country Club, a course whose scenery and shot-making requirements are those of a Scottish links, but whose location—Hutchinson, Kans.—could hardly be farther from the Irish Sea.

As country clubs go, Prairie Dunes is certainly not opu-



For the man who cuts across, a lunch bag and thermos.

lent. The small clubhouse is white frame, the landscaping is, for the most part, Kansas natural and the lawn is spotted and unshaded. As for cuisine, it does exist, but a Hutchinson gourmet would prefer the Town Club for an evening out. Thus the country club is strictly a golf course, but a distinctive one.

This incongruous touch of Scotland on the Kansas plains was founded in 1937 as another golfing lark of the Emerson Carey family, a ruling dynasty in Hutchinson. It was built by Emerson Carey Jr. and his brother, Bill, who succeeded their father as benefactors of the town. Emerson Carey Sr., before his death in the '30s, had provided Hutchinson with four golf courses and a public park. The young Carey brothers hired Golf Architect Perry Maxwell to lay out a different kind of course on the unusual duneland in the area. Maxwell set forth each day with a bag of apples and a thermos to walk the ground, and he kept coming home confused. "There are 118 golf holes out there," he once said. "All I have to do is eliminate 100." Finally, he ran out of time—or apples—and he laid out Prairie Dunes.

By modern championship standards, Maxwell's 6,522-yard course is not long, but its rough more than makes up for any lack of distance. Even the best player has been known to take 15 swings or so trying to disgorge the ball from a yucca plant. The course first came to public attention in 1958, only a year after the second nine holes was completed, when a burly 18-year-old named Jack Nicklaus won the Trans-Mississippi Amateur there. Although he won, Nicklaus did not manage a round below 72, and to this day he still talks about the severity of the course. In 1962, Arnold Palmer and Nicklaus played an exhibition round at Prairie Dunes. They shot 72 and 77, and in the process Nicklaus demonstrated how to take an eight out of the matted rough.

There is also the wind. It can be so severe a factor that

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tastes
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Mild, pure menthol.
Great-tasting tobacco.
Why filter, too.

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Budweiser® is
the largest-selling
beer in the world.*



If you can sell her on this, you can sell her on anything.

"Me? In that?"

When you take your wife to see the Volkswagen Station Wagon don't be surprised if you have to drag her.

"But it looks silly."

That's your first problem: you have to explain the flat face and square shape.

The front is flat because the engine is in the back. This eliminates

a long hood and makes our wagon almost as easy to park as our sedan.

(There's only 9 inches difference.) And the square shape holds almost twice as much as an everyday station wagon: 170 cubic feet.

Once you coax her behind the wheel, be ready for something like this:

"But it's like sitting in a fishbowl." She's right, it is. There are 21

windows all around.

And if she handles the family checkbook, you might show her a few numbers:

24 mpg on regular. 35,000 miles on tires. 4 pints of oil, not 4 quarts.

If you can sell your wife on the VW Station Wagon, consider yourself a star salesman.

We certainly will.



THE BEST 18 *continued*

a hole which plays with a driver and a wedge on one day may require a driver, a spoon and a wedge the next.

The Prairie Dunes golfer constantly finds himself brooding on a windy hilltop—called a tee box by club members—from which he peers down into a swale of thorny growth. He can see little fairway on which his shot can safely land. Thus every hole becomes a challenge, but none is more challenging than the 18th. It is a long, forced dogleg to the right with no reward whatever for trying to cut across. The fairway rises gradually, bumping its way over four ancient dunes—formations that were apparently caused by the wind that whips into Hutchinson from the Arkansas River Valley. The first dune is 165 yards out from the tee and about six feet high. They get successively higher, the last one rising about 50 feet. A perfect tee shot will carry the first dune and have enough length and fade to clear the second, too. After that, the green, protected by four bunkers on the right and one more on the left, each of which is dotted with yucca plants, can be reached with a solid three-iron. The green itself, well uphill from the fairway, is large and severely contoured, inviting three excellent pin positions and making a long, curling putt a decided possibility.

My drive cleared the first grass-covered dune—called Hockaday's Hill in honor of a club member named Ray Hockaday whose drives always landed there—and the second dune as well. As promised, I had a three-iron to the green, but did not quite make it, glancing off into a right-hand bunker. Fortunately, I was in sand instead of a yucca plant. My trap shot was uneventful and my 20-foot putt wearily offline. I made the next putt from five feet for a hard bogey and leaned, more than satisfied, into the wind blowing over the Kansas sunflowers from an invisible sea.

9 CHAMPIONS PAR 5 538 YARDS

Houston is an oil-nourished city of glass-and-steel towers, wide, tree-lined boulevards, astronauts, a thriving ship channel, the grandest tangle of new freeways east of Los Angeles, an abundant collection of elegant homes set among drooping, moss-choked willows and a growth so rapid that its big-money civic leaders may one day be forced to buy the Gulf of Mexico and develop it as a floating suburb.

The city has never been known to think small, and when two of Houston's best-known and best-liked sportsmen, Jimmy Demaret and Jackie Burke, announced in 1937 that they would build Champions Golf Club northwest of the city, everyone in Houston knew what to expect—the best course to appear in the South in recent years.

Champions has proved to be that, twice over, for a second 18 was completed at the club in 1964 and both are excellent. Combined, Champions' two courses—Cypress Creek (old) and Jackrabbit (new)—may be the finest 36-hole layout anywhere. The first course, designed by Ralph Plummer (with careful overseeing from Demaret and Burke), winds around and across a deep canyon and stream, Cypress Creek. Its greens are huge, the fairways are heavily bordered with pine and post oak trees, and man-made ponds guard many of the greens. It has no hills or valleys, for the terrain is as flat as most of Texas, but in concept the course



Demaret and Burke go for it, and sometimes get there.

still suggests Augusta National, where Demaret won three Masters and Burke one. It is a modern course, long and tough, and is being considered as a site for a future Ryder Cup or U.S. Open (the winner would not break 280).

Champions is strictly a golfer's club. The money in the clubhouse has been spent on a lavish locker room that is lushly carpeted, Gothic-ceilinged, paneled and comfortably cushioned, and on a massive, glassed-in dining room and bar. Houston's golfers reacted with unexpected enthusiasm when the course first opened—450 joined before it was completed—and Jimmy and Jack decided they would build a second 18 as quickly as possible. It was finished last July, and while it is sown with the same grass—Tiff 328—from tee to green, it has little else in common with its older brother. Designed by Jay Riviere and George Fazio, the Jackrabbit Course has an old-fashioned flavor; tight doglegs, narrow driving areas and rolling greens that are severely raised and bunkered. It plays a merely 7,122 yards.

There are some excellent holes throughout the 36 at Champions—on the older course the 4th, 12th, 13th and 14th are splendid—but there is not a 9th hole anywhere in the U.S. that rivals the one on Jackrabbit. It is a testing par 5 that offers a wonderfully sporting gamble when the wind is helping, because a fair golfer, after laying into a big drive, is positioned for a tempting try at a triple-level green that has a large lake on the right and woods on the left. But a giant post oak at the left center of the fairway constitutes a serious hazard to any such bold second shot and it forces a hook on the player who has driven anywhere except snug along the right side of the fairway.

By using Jimmy Demaret's clubs and scooter, and having Demaret himself as a guide, I found playing the hole was easy. "Drive down the right side," said Jimmy. I drove into the sandy left rough. "Take this four-wood and hook it off the sand around the post oak," Jimmy said. I hit it straight into the right rough across a ditch and two feet shy of the lake. "Farm eight-iron to the second level," Demaret advised. I chopped the approach to the left front, 30 feet from the hole. "The putt breaks right," Jimmy said. "Hit it hard." I pulled it to the left, but got down in two. "Nice par," said Demaret. "What'd you shoot on the front nine of this course of yours?" I told him a smooth 42, six over par.

"Where is your 10th tee?" he asked. "New York," I said.

Demaret grinned. "Keep your head down," he said.

NEXT WEEK

On the back nine, Don Jenkins plays his way from Westchester County, N.Y. to the Pacific Ocean, contending with seven more water holes and stumbling into a birdie.

**A few words
to the man who's dying
to be young again.**

The spirit may be willing. But believe us, it's a losing battle.
At your age it may even be a fight to the finish. Exercise?
We're all for it. But take it easy. After all, you're getting just
a little too old to be playing your heart out.

STATE MUTUAL OF AMERICA

State Mutual Life Assurance Company of America,
Worcester, Massachusetts. Founded in 1844. Life-Health Group.



Smersh! A sudden sickening thud and there was **James Bond** lying prone on the ground. Agent 007 was defenseless, alone in an open field without bullet-proof waistcoat, Beretta or miniaturized transmitter. Not to prolong the anguish of the faithful, Bond not only survived but picked himself up and scored a goal. Bond for rather, Actor Sean Connery, *below*, in fact, scored the only goal for the Television All-Stars in a charity soccer match against the Showbiz Eleven at Wood Green, London.

Grandpa **Johnny Longden**, the 57-year-old jockey who has won more races than anyone else in the world, transferred his talents from Santa Anna Park to Pasadena for the occasion of the Rose Bowl Rodeo. In the featured race, Longden rode one furlong aboard Count Fleet, a burro, winning by an ear.

Remember **Baby LeRoy** of those old W. C. Fields films? Washed up as a movie star at the age of 4, he now lives in semiretirement in southern California as a 32-year-old lifeguard. "I go surfing, skin diving, skiing or hunting

every day," Ronald LeRoy Overacker told an interviewer who had uncovered his carefully hidden identity. "I like being a lifeguard because I'm free."

For the first time in years, unpredictable **Ted Williams** appeared at a public dinner in Boston. Since "The Splinter" had been dragooned into attending his last one—a 1962 charity benefit—only by the personal pleading of Red Sox Owner Tom Yawkey, it was all the more amusing that he should show up at this dinner, a banquet for sportswriters. Ted laid down three ground rules before coming: 1) no necktie, 2) no speech and 3) no assumption that a precedent was being established. Astonishingly, Williams then: 1) borrowed a tie and wore it, 2) made a brief speech and 3) even implied he might come again sometime. It is perhaps germane to note that the newspapermen were outdoor writers—not baseball types.

"I've found joy in anonymity," says **Pierre Salinger**, movie flack and golf dubber. The formerly corpulent former press secretary has also found a better way to lose weight than hiking 50 miles or riding Texas cayuses. He has lost 20 pounds since returning to private life, possibly caused by worry over the \$225,000 debt run up in his Senate campaign.

Stanley Matthews, 50, not only has been honored by his Queen—he is the first English soccer player ever to be knighted—but also by the Water Rats. At a dinner given in honor of "The Wizard of Dribble" by the Grand Order of Water Rats (a theatrical charity group) Brother Rat **Prince Philip** said, "He has become a legend in his own lifetime, a distinction only for really great men."

Mississippi Quarterback **Jim Weatherly**, the Southeastern Conference's next best passer, was spurned by pro football check passers, but he may yet bank more than Alabama's

wealthy Joe Namath. Weatherly has just signed a contract with the record division of 20th Century-Fox and cut his first two discs. One is a Weatherly-written ballad titled *When You Get What You Want* (presumably not a New York Jet contract). The other is a rock 'n' roll number, *I'm Gonna Make It* (clearly not referring to \$400,000). Said Gordon Stokmer of The Jordans, "Jim has an amazingly good voice, good looks and a nice smile. He may be Elvis Presley without the wiggle."

A visit by **Queen Elizabeth** (*below*) to an Ethiopia so well-prepared for her arrival that even the pet lions in **Emperor Haile Selassie's** gardens had been washed and flea-powdered turned out to be a sports festival. The Queen viewed a mass gymnastic exhibition by Ethiopian schoolgirls, met Olympic Marathon Star **Bikila Abebe** and witnessed a goiter match (an ancient sport akin to jousting). Not least sporting was the chestnut stallion presented by Elizabeth to Selassie, an ardent horseman who owns more than 100 mounts. Son of a Derby winner, Robes-

ierre—oddly named for a gift from one monarch to another—quickly showed revolutionary spirit: he broke out of the RAF plane that was to fly him to Addis Ababa and was subdued only after hours of effort by the Queen's finest.

The one thing Boston Celtic Coach **Red Auerbach** has never been called is a diplomat. So, guess who addressed Tufts's Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy last week? "Some of our State Department officials abroad are good, but most look and act phony," said Auerbach, who has headed several overseas basketball clinics. "One time we were assigned an aide whose specialty was art. We had more language barrier with him than with the natives." Auerbach himself, according to Auerbach, does speak the natives' language: "The only thing they understand is force and ability. In Yugoslavia I demanded they put up an American flag. Somebody mentioned protocol. 'Protocol my eye,' I said. 'No flag, no game.' The flag went up." The flag—or at least the balloon—usually goes up when Red is around.



Low boom in the land of horizontal skiing

Flat and frigid it is, yet the Midwest is aswarm with skiers to whom mountains and sun are not essential for happiness. In growing numbers they threaten to take over every rise and knoll from Detroit to Minneapolis

One of the oldest myths about skiing—Austrian Alps, American Rockies, pick a spot—is that, first, there must be a hill and, second, the weather must be bracing but not polar. Forget it. Consider the American Midwest, that isolated plain of absolute cold. The snowdrifts cover the Burma-Shave signs along the highways, and on clear nights up near the Great Lakes people sit around and listen to the engine blocks crack. But they also ski all over the place, and a million flatlanders can't be wrong.

In Cable, Wis.—hidden so deep in the rural Midwest that there are signs on the sides of barns introducing Twenty Grand cigarettes—there is a 370-foot hill just outside of town. It never had amounted to much; the hill was too high to plow and not high enough for a first-rate lover's leap. Folks around Cable would tell strangers there was a lost silver mine on the property, but even at that nobody wanted it. When home-town boy Tony Wise came back from Harvard Business School and bought the hill for \$750, it got to be sort of a local knee-slapper. Tony was making the rise into a skiing hill, his neighbors discovered, complete with a long piece of rope that would pull you right to the top. That was in 1947. One day recently 2,200 people were skiing the hill, having paid \$4 to \$5 apiece for the privilege. The snazzy Mount Telemark base lodge was jammed with hundreds more spending money like wild, and Tony Wise was rich. The farmer who once owned the hill is now working for Wise as an attendant on the new double-chair lift. Occasionally he shuffles over to the boss and looks at him searchingly. "You didn't find no silver mine here," he says. "You found a hot darn gold mine."

A few years earlier, ski enthusiast Walter Stopa bought a mound of his own down near Chicago. It is called Wilmet Ski Hills and is only 230 feet high—in Al Capone's Chicago they used to stack bodies higher than that. Nevertheless, Stopa put in a warming shack and a rope tow. When he was finishing work on the top terminal he looked back down the hill and there were 70 people waiting to ski. Thousands are waiting there to ski now. Much the same thing happened at Buck Hill in suburban Minneapolis, where there is a bumped-up patch of 30 acres that goes 313 feet high—and where a daily average of 400 people spend \$5.50 each to ski in weather so cold their skis squeak on the snow. At Pine Knob and Mt. Holly, near Detroit, thousands of equally demented people, who assemble cars all day, ski under floodlights each evening until midnight. At Pine Knob the light hill runs higher than the hill.

There are now 200 midwestern ski areas, and there will be more as soon as enough barbed wire can be cut, the resident cows evacuated and lifts installed. Outsiders who came to scoff are staying to ski—often in surroundings as lavish as anything they have seen. In some cases the lodge stands taller than the ski slope, but still the crowds come pouring out of Chicago, Detroit, Minneapolis, St. Paul and points between. Just out of Osceola, Wis. faded billboards sell the old-time religion ("Repent or Perish"), but down-towners they have strung out a "Welcome Skiers" banner.

Nothing about it makes much sense. The weather is no less frigid than before. At Trollhaugen ski resort in Dresser, Wis. the skiers whoop it up at 20° below and the local Army-Navy surplus outlet does a big business in World War II

flight suits. Wisconsin skiers call them fat Bogners. The flying suits are thick with insulation, and when a skier wearing one falls down he can't get back up unassisted. There also is reason to suspect that if anyone stands too long near the woods at the top of the hill a timberwolf



M. R. Evans

will come out and eat him, fat Bogner and all.

Midwestern skiing is growing so fast that even the newest areas feel pressed to expand. At Bessemer, Mich. the Indianhead Mountain ski resort caught on immediately, and the owners hastily converted a barn into a lodge. They pounded some paneling over the old stalls, and for a while Alfalfa Pete, the most famous bull in town, had to stand outside and look in the window at people dining where he used to sleep. Two-legged Midwesterners—you can tell the oldtimers by the Pay Day labels on their bib overalls—have also been caught by surprise. At Trollhaugen one farmer stopped his 1935 Ford flatbed truck just outside the lodge and angrily stomped in. "Tell my old woman to come down off of that hill

and get back on home," he demanded. "We got the milkin' to do!" His wife was skiing with hundreds of others on the new Wednesday Ladies' Day Special (\$5.50 for lesson, lunch and lifts). Not a few of them wore ski togs by Bogner or Dior, an impiety that J. C. Penney and Sears Roebuck may never forgive.

Not far from Harbor Springs, Mich. a winding road bursts suddenly upon an old English lodge that is the leading luxury spot of the northland. This is Boyne Highlands, a place of thick carpet and heated swimming pool, of quiet, expensive service midst candlelight and Eau de Royal Mountie. The ski hill at the Highlands runs up to a dizzying 608 feet. The main ski runs are so gently bulldozed that it is more taxing to descend the circular staircase from the bar into

the lobby than to ski down from the top of the hill. Both journeys require approximately the same amount of time and are undertaken by large and growing crowds of winter sports.

These successes owe much to midwestern ingenuity. Yesterday's molehill is today's slope—and tomorrow's mountain, if the bulldozer boys keep at it. Each summer many of the area operators craftily bulldoze dirt below and pile it atop their hills to make them higher. At Wilmot Hills, Stupa, has made the ski run 45 feet higher by stacking it. In time, he says, people will be skiing down into the pit, which is already 30 feet deep. At Detroit's Mt. Holly, Operator Mori Graddis paid \$80,000 for a worn-out gravel pit, already has piled 35,000 cubic yards of gravel on top of his hill and

continued



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RONGE

plans to stack on two million yards more in the next three years. With enough dirt, gravel and time, these people could throw up a mountain range from upper Minnesota to Detroit.

Poorly endowed with altitude, the Midwest also has an unreliable snowfall. That's where snowmaking comes in. "We don't count on natural snow; it's a bonus," says Stopa. He churns out the artificial stuff night and day. Wilmot can add eight to 10 inches of snow on its slopes overnight. Telmark's Tony Wise hires a crew of Chippewa Indians to make his snow; rainmakers need not apply.

This furious activity does not mean that skiing is entirely new to the Midwest. In 1904 the first national ski organization was formed at Ishpeming, Mich. But the sport then centered on cross-country touring and jumping; downhill skiing was ignored for years while folks to the east and west were living the high life on the big mountains. Now the Midwest—last to catch on—is fast catching up.

On the lower Michigan peninsula, in offices over an empty store in Traverse City, the Central Division of the U.S. Ski Association operates a headquarters for organized Midwest skiing and keeps an unofficial cold nose count. There were 76 ski clubs and 1,781 members in the 1960-61 season, says Director Tom Joynt. Now the Central Division has 304 clubs and approximately 10,000 members. Add unaffiliated skiers and the count soars. Chicago contains an estimated 100,000 skiers and Minneapolis 30,000. Every weekend 50 chartered buses carry skiers out of Chicago, some making the 700-mile round trip to Boyne Mountain. At Telmark, Tony Wise figures he

has 300,000 skiers within a day's drive. Caberfac, near Cadillac, Mich., is already building an extra \$170,000 base lodge. Trollhaugen plans a \$70,000 addition to the lodge. Telmark already represents an \$800,000 investment and in two years will have a 20-story, 200-room circular hotel at the top of its hill. It will be a kind of stylish sbo with a bar on the roof featuring a panoramic view of more than a million acres of trees.

Merle Trepp, manager of the \$1.5 million Pine Knob area says, "We have the plushness of Sun Valley in the backyard of Detroit. What we lack in height we make up for in services. You get 10 times more skiing here in the flatlands than you do in Aspen." In the Midwest, Trepp maintains, you ski down a 2,000-foot run, take a quick ride up the hill again, and you repeat this every three or four minutes. "At Aspen," he says, "you're lucky if you get a chair up once every 35 minutes for a 2,000-foot run, since most people only ski the top."

No one is more evangelistic about the future of Midwest skiing than Mort Graddis, whose Mt. Holly is all of 175 feet high. "People think I'm a blowhard," he says, "but I have a potential ski market here that I would not change for Aspen or Kitzbühel or any ski resort in the whole world, and I've seen them all. Why? The average wage here is one-third higher than in New York City. We've got six million people living less than an hour's drive from Detroit. They get paid very well and don't know how to spend their money. So they go skiing. You know what we'll do? We'll ski 10,000 people a day, that's what. Sugarbush and Vail will fall by the wayside."

Graddis saw the boom coming three years ago in the lesson of a trip to Mount Snow in Vermont. "Know who was skiing? The shipping clerks and shopgirls from New York City. I came right back to Mt. Holly and said, 'Let's get ready for the masses.'"

Today they swarm out of the cities onto the flatlands, out along country roads and into the farm and fishing country, their eyes on the mountains. Well, their eyes are on the hills and ridges, and if one does not have mountains one has gravel pits and bulldozers.

The snooty East and the Far West had better watch out. The Aspen-Sun Valley-Sugarbush-Stowe people have had a tendency to strike poses and look down their mountains at Midwesterners. There was a time when they could tell a flatlander by his knees-apart, gentle-slope stance, and the woolen socks worn outside his stretch pants, but not now. The Midwest is exporting real skiers; well schooled and better groomed. A midwestern instructor who has put more than 40,000 people on skis in 25 years says, "We give better ski instruction by accident here than they do on purpose in the West." How was that again? "Out West," says Helmut Teichner, chief of the Wilmot Hills school, "they take the students to the top of the mountain. They have to spend 10% of their time trying to get them back down and 30% of their time teaching. Here we take 20 full minutes coming down a little bitty hill and we work our students very carefully. The only difference in converting a Midwesterner to mountains is in getting him accustomed to longer hills."

In consequence, the Midwest is producing a new generation of skiers: the smooth-slopers. On manicured hills, innocent of moguls, everybody can look a little like Stein Eriksen. Sun Valley and the rest must wait for snow to cover the moguls. Not so in the Midwest.

At Trollhaugen the other day a skier came storming into the chalet with fire in his eye. "There's a bump over there," he cried. "It's right where I make my turn at the bottom."

"A bump?" said Co-Owner Wally Peterson. "Here? On my hill? How big is it?"

The skier gestured with his hands, describing a little mound. "About this big. What are you going to do about it?"

Peterson sent a man right over with a shovel to erase the mogul. It was the last one in the Midwest that day.

END



WARM BUT HELPLESS, A FALLEN SKIER STRUGGLES IN HIS FAT BOONER FLIGHT SUIT



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

A wise time to fool your partner

All bidding systems, no matter how complicated, are subject to the same code of ethics. They must be a matter of public record, containing no secret bids that mean something to the partners but nothing to the opponents. Of course, this does not mean that a player may not send a false message—just as a warring power might do upon learning that the enemy had broken its code and was monitoring its broadcasts. In bridge, however, such a procedure is ethical only if there is just as much chance of fooling your partner as your opponents. For this reason most of the deceptive plays in bridge are confined to declarer's use, since it can hardly matter if the dummy is deceived, whereas a falsecarding defender must always worry lest his deception do more harm to his own side than to the declarer.

Occasionally, however, a situation arises when it cannot

*Neither side vulnerable
West dealer*

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 ♠	DOUBLE	PASS	2 ♠
PASS	3 ♥	PASS	PASS
PASS	PASS	PASS	4 ♥

Opening lead, king of diamonds

matter if partner is deceived; the defender's only hope is to fool declarer. Such a case is illustrated by this week's hand, taken from the section on falsecarding in the excellent new *Official Encyclopedia of Bridge*, prepared by the American Contract Bridge League.

The fate of the hand is decided on the very first trick. If East plays the 2 of diamonds, as his hand calls for, the contract will surely be made. If West continues with two more rounds of diamonds, dummy ruffs low and pulls the jack of hearts through. Whether East covers or not, he will make only one trump trick and the success of the spade finesse allows South to make his contract. But East should see for himself that this is likely to happen and that his only hope of setting the contract is to con South—and his own partner—into thinking he has two, not three, diamonds. So East should play the 9 of diamonds on the first trick and drop the 2 on the second. Now, when West leads the queen of diamonds (or even if he leads a small one), declarer must be concerned that West began with a six-card diamond suit. If East indeed has the doubleton diamond that his high-low signal has announced and should dummy ruff with the 2 or the 8 and get overruffed, declarer will still have to worry about the location of the queen of hearts. To avoid this problem, what is more natural than to ruff with one of dummy's honors? Then, if East overruffs with the queen, declarer will still have three top hearts to draw the rest of the trumps; if East does not follow suit and yet fails to overruff, South can play West for the queen. He will lead to a high heart in his hand and back toward dummy's remaining honor.

But, as the cards lie, ruffing with one of dummy's honors is the only way declarer can lose the hand. When East follows to the third diamond, South will realize that he has been jobbed, but there is nothing he can do about it. Holding Q-9-7-5 behind dummy's remaining J-8-2, East is bound to win two trump tricks and stop the game.

Suppose that East actually held only two diamonds; when North trumped high, East should not overruff. He should discard and play to win two trump tricks, either by force (since West has the all-important 6 of hearts) or by guile if declarer elects to play West for the heart queen and lead low up to dummy's jack later.

Falsecarding is only one of many outstanding features in the 691-page encyclopedia. The League is to be congratulated on this addition to the game. **END**



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The good one left is Jacinto

With one rival permanently retired to stud and another temporarily on the shelf in Florida, this lightly raced colt is the best Derby horse running

Two weeks ago at Santa Anita a veteran racing official looked over a list of 3-year-olds entered on the next day's card and said, "It's disappointing that the current winter season hasn't been able to develop any good colts. If we're looking for male-and-an-eighth or classic-distance horses, they have just two at Hialeah and we have one here." A few days later lightning struck—at least at Hialeah. Within 48 hours the two Miami stars, Bold Lad and Sadair, went to the sidelines with injuries. That left a Kentucky-bred, Virginia-owned and California-based speedster named Jacinto as the soundest potential Kentucky Derby favorite.

Sadair, Mrs. Mary B. Hecht's winner of the Arlington-Washington Futurity, The Garden State and Panlico Futurity, fractured the coffin bone of his left forefoot while training at Gulfstream Park and was retired to stud. For a while that seemed to make the Florida 3-year-old

prizes—the Flamingo and Florida Derby—an outright gift for Bold Lad, who races for Mrs. Henry C. Phipps's Wheatley Stable. Then Bold Lad turned up with an inflammation—known as a splint—on his right foreleg, about three inches below the knee. Splints are temporarily painful to a horse, and as soon as he noticed the one on Bold Lad, Trainer Bill Winfrey had Dr. William O. Reed inject the area with a steroid preparation prior to firing it with heated electric needles, a treatment that diminishes and deadens the inflamed area.

Winfrey figures that with luck Bold Lad may miss only 10 days of training and be ready for the February 22 Hibiscus and the March 3 Flamingo. "But if we miss the Flamingo," he added, "it's not the end of the world. Our main objective is the Kentucky Derby, and there are several routes to Louisville. One would be by way of the Florida Derby at Gulfstream on April 3, another might

continued



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HORSE RACING *(continued)*

be the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct on April 17."

With Sadair and Bold Lad sidelined, Raymond Guent's Tom Rolfe and Mrs. Marion duPont Scott's Boson, both awaiting spring starts, are infinitely superior to anything now racing at Hialeah. Last week's seven-furlong Bahamas was won by Lou Wolfson's Sparkling Johnny in the unsparkling time of 1:24 1/2, over Battle Star. I think that Christopher Chenery's First Family, a son of First Landing, Dapper Dan, a son of Ribot, or Native Charger would be a better bet in the stakes to come.

At Santa Anita there are barns full of so-so also-rans who will probably be exactly that in the February 22 San Felipe and the mile-and-an-eighth Santa Anita Derby on March 6. These include Mrs. Ada L. Rice's Lucky Debonair, winner of the San Vicente last week, Mrs. Ethel Jacobs' Isle of Greece and Michael Silver's Gumato. Toss in Charger's Kin and Turn to Reason and you hardly have a championship race. The champion is Jacinto. "He can run like hell," says usually cautious Racing Director Jimmy Kilroe. "The most brilliant 3-year-old I've seen around here since Swaps," says King Ranch Trainer Buddy Hirsch. Jacinto tied the seven-furlong track record of 1:20, carrying 122 pounds, in a \$10,000 allowance race on January 27. It was the fastest seven furlongs ever run by a 3-year-old. The mark was set in 1954 by Imbros carrying 118, and a lot of good horses have run seven furlongs at Santa Anita since 1954. This colt has size, looks and a terrific burst of speed.

What Jacinto also has going for him is the swift blood of his sire (like his chief Derby rival, Bold Lad, Jacinto is a son of Bold Ruler), and he is in the patient, expert hands of a master horseman, Jim Maloney. With only 14 horses at Santa Anita, Maloney has set the pace on fire. Through last Saturday he had started 11 a total of 28 times and, with nine of them, had won 14 races, five of them stakes, while finishing second four times and third four times. Jacinto, Respected, Face the Facts and Batteur had won for Owner William Haggin Perry, while Duel, owned by Perry, Bull Hancock and Charles Engelhard, took the year's first \$100,000 race when he upset Hill Rise in the Charles H. Strub Stakes. Through January alone Maloney-trained horses had won over \$200,000 for Perry and Hancock who are in the fifth year

(continued)

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HORSE RACING (continued)

of a partnership agreement by which Perry annually buys half the stock that Hancock raises. Perry's half is turned over to Jim Maloney for training, while colts retained by Hancock run under the name of Claiborne Farm and are trained by Harry Trotsek. All the winnings of both divisions go into a common pot to be divided equally by Perry and Hancock.

"This colt," says Maloney of Jacinto, in a brogue that sounds half Irish and half mouthful-of-marbles, "is what you'd call right nice looking, and he has plenty of sense and a great temperament." Indeed he must, for except in his more serious works, Jacinto is usually galloped by Jean O'Shea, the English wife of Maloney's Irish Assistant Trainer Joe O'Shea. "Anybody can ride him. He has a wonderful disposition," says Jean. "May he keep it!"

Jacinto never got to the races until last August 15 at Saratoga, by which time Bold Lad had already run seven times and Sidaur six. "There was nothing unusual about this," says Owner Perry. "It's just that Maloney believes—and rightly—that it's best to take it easy with 2-year-olds, and most of ours never start until August."

Neither Perry nor Maloney doubts Jacinto's ability to carry his speed over a distance. (His dam was Cascade II, a daughter of Precipitation, who won the 20-furlong Ascot Gold Cup.) Says Perry, "I'm convinced the Bold Rulers will go on. It all depends on how you utilize their tremendous speed. Ours, unlike Bold Ruler himself, are all easy to rate."

Californians are getting as excited about Jacinto as though he were their own. Many believe the powerful looking brown colt must be named for the mountain that overlooks Palm Springs, where the Perrys recently bought a winter home. "Hardly," says Bill Perry. "My father-in-law, Skiddy von Stade, and I were driving down Park Avenue to The Jockey Club one day. Jessie Magan, the von Stades' Portuguese majordomo, was driving us and he said, 'Mr. Perry, sometime why don't you name a horse after me? I'm sure he'd be a good one.'"

"I said, 'Come on now. I can't name a horse Jessie. Is that your real name?' He said, 'No sir, it's Jacinto.'"

Last week Bill Perry and Bull Hancock turned down a million dollars for Jacinto. Still, the Perrys, the Maloneys, the von Stades and—especially—Jacinto Magan were all smiles.

END

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BOATING / Luther Evans

Donsy, baby, this is your Sam

New boats built by Donzi Marine won four out of six in the second annual Sam Griffith Memorial Race

It's too bad there were no motorcycle cops looting along Miami's MacArthur Causeway at about 10 in the morning one day last week. If they had been there, the cops would have done a considerable business in speeding tickets, for motorists following the second annual Sam Griffith Memorial powerboat race from the shore had to roll along at speeds of 60 to 70 mph to keep up with the boats heading along the ship channel to Government Cut and the open sea.

A fleet of 22 of the world's fastest ocean racers, paced by the favorite—Dick Bertram's brand-new *Bruce Moppie*, a sleek 36-footer powered by two 550-hp Detroit (formerly GM) diesels—set out on the 145-mile round trip to Cat Cay in the Bahamas and back. But only half of them returned to cross the finish line. Bertram's boat blew a gasket before he even reached the first checkpoint off Fort Lauderdale. Two other boats sank, a third lost her engine, a fourth had to be beached and a fifth simply got lost.

After finding it necessary to toss his wounded brother overboard, a rank amateur named Bill Wishnick, who had never skippered an ocean race before, roared home to a new record in less than half the time it took defending champion Dick Bertram to win the same race last year. In doing so Wishnick, the 40-year-old board chairman of a chemical-manufacturing firm, not only knocked Bertram's Moppie out of the race but out of the leadership in offshore racing, which Bertram's boats have enjoyed for a decade. The new name in offshore powerboat racing is Donsy.

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Donzi Marine is not, as many might suppose, the name of a firm of Italian speed merchants like Ferrari. It represents the combined talents of two American marine enthusiasts from Miami: Designer Jim Wynne, one of the boat world's newest geniuses of the slide rule, and Boatbuilder Don Aronow. Their joint venture got its name when the two launched their first delicately sculptured, deep-V-bottomed boat, and Aronow mourned in mock despair: "Well, I suppose everybody will recognize it as a Wynne design." "But that's not fair, Donsy, baby," cooed a sympathetic secretary who had suffered through the construction with both of them. "Your name should be on it, too." So Donsy Baby became Donzi Marine, and Donzi Marine, from its first near win in the Miami-Key West race last November with bearded Jim Wynne at the helm, became the talk of the powerboat world.

There were five Donzi boats entered in the Sam Griffith, a race named—ironically enough—for the tough old mariner who drove Bertram's Moppies to everlasting fame. Of the five, one finished first, one third, one fourth, one sixth and one 10th. Early in the race, when the Donzis were forging ahead and a black cloud of smoke rose from Bertram's blown gasket, another driver was heard to observe: "That's not motor trouble. That's just Bertram fuming."

The 28-foot Donzi *Broad Jumper*, driven by Bill Wishnick with his brother Jack, Dave Wilson and Donzi Sales Manager Allan Brown as crew, was such a recent acquisition that Wishnick scarcely had time to paint its new name on the stern before heading out. The craft, powered by twin 550-hp diesels, was in 13th place as the boats left Government Cut, well behind a low-flying 23-foot Formula named *Holocaust*, powered by twin 400-hp Daytonas. As the fleet headed out of the cut and northward into the slop of the broad Atlantic, most of the smaller boats began to slow down, while the bigger ones began moving up. At the first checkpoint, just south of Fort Lauderdale, *Broad Jumper* had moved up to second place, behind *Holocaust* and ahead of a big 36-footer named *Kamikaze*. "Then we pulled away from *Holocaust*," said Brown, who did most of the driving. By that time *Kamikaze*, driven by tough Jack Manson—who has heart trouble and ulcers and recently injured his shoulder playing jai alai at the age of

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31—was the only threat. "Every time it would get rough," said Brown, "we could see the smoke and spray of Manson's boat behind us. Other times we were completely out of sight of everybody."

Most of the veterans agreed that the sea was pretty calm by Sam Griffith standards, but tyro Wishnick felt otherwise. "Far as I was concerned," he said later, "it was rough as hell. But we had no problems. The engines never coughed once."

By the second checkpoint, which was the yacht *Mar Lu* anchored off Bimini, *Boat Jumper* had comfortably increased her lead. But just then a huge wave caught her bow and slammed Jack Wishnick against an engine mount. Jack was plainly in need of medical attention but, rather than louse up his brother's chances in the race, he went overboard to swim to a committee boat. "We peeled off and boomed Jack out of the boat while still going about 25," said Helmsman Brown later. "The last we saw of him he was swimming on his back."

Jack made it to the committee boat, which sent for the Coast Guard, which ordered a helicopter, which flew him to Mt. Sinai Hospital, where they took an X-ray and pronounced him not seriously injured. Others, meanwhile, had fared worse. For the second year in a row, the famed daughter-and-mother team of Gail and Rene Jacoby had hard luck. They had to run their 31-foot *Prowler*, *Miss Amazon*, onto the beach, after a dragging line yanked an entire propeller shaft out of the boat. Some 12 miles out from Bimini, the 31-foot *Bertram Raw Runner*, owned by Ogden M. (Dunny) Phipps, opened up and began to sink so fast that her three crewmen never even had a chance to call for help. Safe on two life rafts, they were spotted and picked up by a big yacht that had lost its way. Two Coast Guard planes—both in search of that yacht—had flown over them without even noticing.

Another lost soul, Harold Ungerleider, a Miami Beach lawyer with a weakness for the sea, was spotted by the Coast Guard off Great Isaac Light in the Bahamas, miles away from the race course, after his compass went on the bum. Despite his mishap, Ungerleider insisted when he got ashore that ocean powerboat racing is the best of all sports. So, in one phrase or another, did all the others in the Griffiths, particularly if they were riding in Donors.

END



Where are the Art Tokles of the future?

At the age of 18 months, Art Tokle toddled on to his first pair of skis. For the next 30 years he was rarely off skis. Jumping became his way of life—and he became one of the best. Twice an Olympian, twice the national champion, he once won 17 out of a string of 19 Bear Mountain meets.

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IMMACULATE DOGHOUSE

CONTINUED

The American Kennel Club is a "unique and astonishing" institution," in the words of one admirer. It supervises the bloodlines of the nation's dogs and the behavior of their owners and handlers with an autocratic dedication to purity

BY ROBERT H. BOYLE

Nowhere in sport is there a ruling body with a firmer bite than the American Kennel Club, even though its bark is almost inaudible outside the fancy. Any dog, whether as an individual or as a breed, that doesn't make the grade with the AKC might just as well start practicing to be a cat, and any human being concerned with a dog had better please the AKC or go live in his doghouse. In the "sport of dogs" the American Kennel Club is Congress, the White House, the Supreme Court, the Vatican, the FBI and Sing Sing prison all rolled into one. Each year the AKC approves 900 dog shows, including the fussy Westminster, which opens in New York's Madison Square Garden this week. It oversees 600 obedience trials, 750 field trials and the registration of some 600,000 purebred dogs annually. The AKC, moreover, is absolute arbiter over the behavior of a vast army of exhibitors, breeders, handlers, judges and show superintendents, any one of whom it can suspend for life for a violation of the rules.

The sport of dogs covers a wide gamut of human and canine society. It includes people of all classes and temperaments who, for various reasons, project their egos into all manner of dogs, be it from sheer admiration for fine animals or merely from psychotic wish fulfillment. To put it more simply: "Most of us," says one breeder, "are a little nuts." There is a strong partisan tendency among the human element to identify with the canine. "We're very artistic, creative, enthusiastic, and some of us are

very gay, if you know what I mean," say the poodle people. On the other hand, the rougher-cut bulldog crowd, after years of showing their rolling-gated beasts ("Yekkk!" say the poodle people), often start to waddle like bulldogs themselves. Even within the individual breeds there are divisive animosities. Recently, for instance, the Old English Sheepdog Club of America was rent by a vicious feud between some entrenched oldtimers and more successful newcomers to the breed. It resulted in the resignation of the club secretary, the attempted impeachment of another club officer and the withholding of trophies from a sheepdog named Ch. Fezzwig Celling Zero, a top champion known as Cello to his proud but embattled owners, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrik Van Rensselaer of the Fezzwig Kennels in Basking Ridge, N.J. At one point, the sheepdoggers indignantly expunged Mrs. Van Rensselaer's pen-and-ink drawing of a dog from their club letterhead. Later on they had a change of heart and elected Mr. Van Rensselaer their president.

"In the dog business," says another doughty dog lady, "it is the humans who can be vicious, not the dogs." She spoke in pained memory of the time when her two champion poodles kept defeating one another in shows. To ease the situation she gave one of the dogs to a male friend out on the West Coast. "I was accused of giving the dog away because I was having a romance with the gentleman," says the lady, "which was, of course, perfectly ridiculous."

That particular dog lover has since

renounced poodles for racehorses, but not with complete contentment. "A horse that gets his nose over the wire first wins," she says. "It doesn't depend on anyone's opinion. But I just can't get personally involved with horses. Somebody else trains them, and you just see them race for two minutes. With dogs you have to be personally involved. They are part of you. They are part of your whole personality, and when they step into the ring it's you out there being judged, too. I didn't know until I got away what a crazy game it was."

The organization that attempts to bring some sanity to this crazy game is not a club in the ordinary sense. There are no individual members. Like the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, a group it somewhat resembles, the American Kennel Club is a club of clubs, a non-profit association of about 370 separate dog clubs, including some specialty clubs devoted to a particular breed (like the Sheepdog Club), some devoted to giving shows (like Westminster), some obedience clubs, some field trial clubs. Each of these clubs sends a delegate (no women, please) to the AKC, and once every three months all these delegates meet with the 12 officers of the big club to settle the problems of dogdom. At a typical meeting last December the delegates elected one new member club, the American Bullmastiff Association, voted to change the wording of a few technical rules and authorized the running of basket-hound field trials under beagle procedures. President William E. Buckley reported that the club overall was in a

very healthy condition, wished the delegates a happy and peaceful holiday season and then invited a motion to adjourn, which was made, seconded and adopted.

As president of the AKC, New York Lawyer Buckley serves dogdom without salary and in a somewhat lofty vein. The man responsible for the day-to-day working of this complex organization is Executive Vice-President Alfred M. Dick, a plump and outwardly placid ringmaster who was appointed to his job last June on the retirement of the autocratic John C. Neff. Since AKC officers are expected to retire at 65 and Dick is already 63, his term of office may not be long.

A onetime bond salesman in Philadelphia, Dick became involved with dogs when he started breeding and showing dachshunds in the early 1930s. "From the standpoint of finishing champions, I didn't do very well," Dick says. "But that didn't interfere with my enjoyment. There's a terrific enthusiasm and drive that the sport generates." During the war, Dick served as a volunteer for Dogs for Defense, and in 1947 he joined the AKC as a field representative.

Dick's present headquarters occupy two and a half floors of a downtown Manhattan office building. The office walls are lined with oil portraits of running dobermans and reclining Pekingese, and much of the space is taken up with swollen storage cabinets and card catalogs jammed with files and records that date back to the club's beginnings.

The finest tribute to the completeness of these records and the thoroughness with which they are kept up was paid to the AKC back in 1933 by Detective Philo Vance, the suave sleuth of S. S. Van Dine's *The Kennel Murder Case*. Van Dine in real life was a Scottish farmer named Willard Huntington Wright, and his canine whodunit was dedicated to the Scottish Terrier Club of America. Van Dine's sleuth, whose capacity for expertise in almost any subject was equaled only by Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, turned out, naturally enough, to be a considerable Scottish expert himself. "His kennels were in New Jersey,"

wrote Van Dine, "an hour's ride from New York, and he spent much of his time there studying pedigrees and breeding for certain characteristics which he believed essential to the ideal terrier."

The principal clue in the mystery was an out-of-place upper incisor in the mouth of a 6-month-old Scottish bitch, ownership unknown, and, to track her down, Philo hastened to the AKC. He was so overwhelmed at the wealth of evidence in its swelling files that he could not believe his luck. Mr. Perry B. Rice, the "genial and accommodating secretary," reassured him. "Dog people," said Perry, "don't realize the enormous amount of detail which goes on in the AKC in order to keep the hundreds of thousands of records correct and to insure everyone in the dog game an almost absolute protection."

"It's amazing," mused Vance on his way to the D.A.'s office with the vital information. "An entire institution based on the ideal of accuracy. It has no commodity to sell. It's purely managerial in essence. It sells only accuracy and protection to the many thousands of sportsmen and dog lovers throughout the country. A unique and astonishing institution."

Historically, the American Kennel Club is a cultural byproduct of the explosive post-Civil War era that gave rise to the founding of the American Pediatrics Society, the invention of the zipper and the start of the Harvard-Yale football game. On September 17, 1884, Major James M. Taylor of Lexington, Ky., and Elliot Smith of New York met with representatives of a dozen independent dog clubs in Philadelphia to found the AKC. Dogdom was in danger of degeneracy. There were few standards and no single authoritative stud book to which the fancy could repair in genealogical confidence. Each independent club set its own rules, and the rules differed. As befitted an organization dedicated to bloodlines, the AKC had a social tone from the very first. One of its early presidents was August Belmont Jr., son of the great turfman who

gave his name to New York's Belmont Park racetrack. Belmont was a gentleman of imposing mustaches who usually adjourned the AKC board meetings "to Delmonico's for lunch." He bankrolled the club out of his own pocket, and his rule was endowed with the divine right of kings. At one time some well-meaning but misguided dogmen nominated a proper Bostonian named Hollis Hunnewell to run against Belmont, but Hunnewell withdrew his name in horror. "I do not believe," he said, "that I or anybody who has the slightest interest in the American Kennel Club would ever allow his name to be placed in opposition to Mr. Belmont for the office of president."

Somehow the club survived Hunnewell's accidental nomination, as it did another cataclysm—the 1906 San Francisco earthquake. "It is interesting to note that while San Francisco was in ruins, the dog game was not forgotten," the club historian, Newton Day, wrote. "I remember Mr. Vredenburg sent a letter to Mr. Norman asking if the American Kennel Club could do anything for the dog people on the Coast. Fortunately, the dog people were not seriously hurt, and soon things resumed the normal tenor of their ways insofar as the West was concerned."

The start of World War I found the club better prepared. "Although we had not yet entered the War, the Club was against Germany," Day noted, "and it showed its feeling by asking the German Shepherd Dog Club to change both its own name and the name of the breed that it was fostering. This was done by dropping the word 'German.'" The Dachshund Club also changed its name. It rechristened itself the Badger Dog Club of America.

Today, as in 1917, the principal concern and activity of the AKC lies in keeping dogdom's line of inheritance pure and unadulterated. Since the purebred dog population is exploding at a fantastic rate, the chore of keeping up with it is fearsome. The bulk of the club's 327 regular employees, most of whom are women, work hard at this task, but they are simply not up to the job. Now a night shift of college students has been

continued

TITLEIST



STARTS ITS 17TH STRAIGHT YEAR AS OVERWHELMING FAVORITE ON THE WINTER TOUR

TOURNAMENT RECORD

Tournament	Playing Titled	Recent Competition Ball
LOS ANGELES	46	28
SAN DIEGO	50	27
BING CROSBY	125	26
LUCKY OPEN	60	26
PALM SPRINGS	216	26
TOTAL	507	294



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added to help cope. Each day, the club receives about 5,000 applications for registration, each enclosing \$2. Every application must go through 27 separate hand processes. "If we get on to electronic data processing, it's going to be wonderful," says John A. Brownell, Vice-President Dick's busy assistant. But the chances of automation in the AKC seem slight, since the organization refused to put in a telephone until 1902. "That was possibly a bit old-fashioned," says one apologist, "but we felt that if anyone had business with the AKC he could write or come to our offices."

For the present, all incoming applications are divided into five piles, one for the terrier and sporting groups, one for the toy and nonsporting groups, a third for hounds and a fourth for the working group. The fifth pile is for poodles alone. For the last three years, one-fourth of all the dogs registered by the AKC have been poodles. No other dog has ever been in such demand. Last year the club registered 178,401 poodles as compared to only 63,163 German shepherds, the second most popular breed. The next eight most popular breeds, in order of registrations, are beagle, which used to be No. 1, dachshund, Chihuahua, Pekingese, collie, cocker spaniel, Pomeranian and basset hound. All told, the AKC recognizes 115 registerable breeds. For the last three years there have been no registrations at all for field spaniels, Sussex spaniels and English foxhounds. In 1959 the club dropped two breeds, the Eskimo and the Mexican hairless, from the stud book. "We hadn't registered any Mexican hairless for 25 years," Dick says, "so we know that there just couldn't be any registerable stock around." Currently the club has 13 other breeds that belong to what is known as the Miscellaneous Class. These maverick breeds, which include the border collie, the cavalier King Charles spaniel, the Chinese crested dog, the Shih Tzu and the Spinone Italiano, are on a waiting list for admission to the stud book once it has been shown that they can breed true to type and are in the hands of a sufficient number of people around the country to warrant interest.

Every once in a while the club receives an application to register a pekeapool, an unsanctioned cross between a Pekingese and a poodle. Such applications are politely but firmly rejected, as are applications for the toy fox terrier and something known as the Catahoula leopard stock dog.

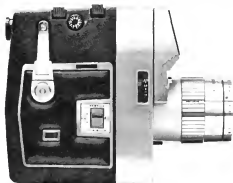
If the AKC keeps a sharp eye on its dogs, however, it keeps an even sharper one on the men and women who handle, show and breed them. As the AKC sees it, showing or breeding a pedigreed dog is not a right but a privilege to be earned with respect and good behavior. Anyone offending against either may lose the privilege for a period ranging from 30 days to life. There are, understandably, some who resent this, but it is the club's one certain way of keeping the good name of dogdom unblemished. "You can hate them, you can loathe them," says one breeder of the AKC, "but they have the stud book and you have nothing." Much of the fear of the club is doubtless caused by its deliberately Olympian attitude. "A lot of people are scared of the club," says Brownell, "but we have to stay aloof. We have to be completely impartial."

Rule violations fall into two categories: those involving offensive behavior, such as cursing out a judge at a show, and those involving integrity, such as substituting one dog for another. Downright dishonesty in the dog world often defeats itself. "The person who is deliberately crooked can rarely avoid talking about it," Brownell says, "and it soon reaches the ears of someone who is interested, and we have thousands of people who are interested." Not long ago the club gave an indefinite suspension to a handler for doctoring a monochid dog so as to give him two testicles by inserting a plastic human eye into the dog's scrotum.

The length of any suspension depends, of course, on the violation. Say an exhibitor swears at a judge. After a charge is made, a group known as the bench committee at the show involved immediately calls a hearing at which testimony

continued

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DOGHOUSE

is taken. The miscreant is suspended then and there, but no time limit is set. The duration of the penalty that is later imposed may hinge upon whether or not the exhibitor denounced the judge off in a corner somewhere, with only a few onlookers, or in the middle of the ring before a crowd of spectators. In the latter case harm has been considered done to the sport, and no apology, no matter how fervent, can suffice to erase it. The Bench Show Committee sends a copy of the testimony to the AKC along with a note on the exhibitor's behavior at the hearing. Was he contrite? Did he apologize? Did he continue the abuse? The AKC gives the offender 30 days in which to appeal his sentence. If he does not appeal, the club will publish notice of the suspension. If the offender decides to appeal, he may then appear before one of seven trial boards set up across the country.

Many serious offenses involve falsification of registration papers. Ordinarily the investigations are conducted by one of the AKC field representatives or his Warren French, a former Connecticut state trooper who is in charge of registration review. "We get all kinds," Brownell says. "There was one dear old lady, a woman of about 75, really a tragic case. Her kennel was nothing more than a rabbit warren. She had fox terriers and beagles, and some were obviously cross-bred. Of course, you couldn't always tell until a dog was 4 or 5 months old, and she had sold them as purebred dogs with AKC registration. There were holes in the wire of the kennel, and the dogs were simply running back and forth. She didn't know one from the other. It was just old age. She was a perfectly nice old person, but she just couldn't keep up with them. She was suspended indefinitely.

"Then there was another breeder who had an absolutely tremendous business. She could have been great if she hadn't been crooked. She supplied several hundred pet shops and, to make sure that she had a steady supply of puppies, she got the wives of farmers to breed dogs for her. The farmers' wives did their work so well that the supply was always

Tips on Control *by Bob Strampe*

far greater than the demand. The dog woman used this as an excuse to pay \$10 or \$15 less for each pup than she had promised, then she would dump all the litters into the same pen so nobody could tell which pup was which. The papers she had for any one pup might be right, but you could never know if it was the right pup. Our problem was to prove that the registration papers issued with her dogs were not the correct ones. We finally did this with half a dozen dogs. Then, toward the end of the investigation, she started leaving her name out of the chain-of-ownership papers and got others to falsify them. She was finally suspended indefinitely, but we still get descendants of those dogs to be registered, and we have a form letter on hand saying why the dog can't be registered."

One culprit, known around the AKC as Mr. X, is such a smooth operator that Brownell speaks of him in the fond tones that Sherlock Holmes reserved for Professor Moriarty. "Why he doesn't do it with insurance or real estate instead of dogs, I just don't know," Brownell exclaims. "He could make millions! We first got on to him a number of years ago when he got into some registration irregularities. There were all sorts of complaints. A great many of our problems here arise with breeders who are careless but well-meaning. But with Mr. X that doesn't apply. He's simply gyping the public. He knows very precisely what he's doing. He'll sell you a dog and have you sign a contract saying that all puppies born to the dog belong to him, which is against all the rules. Or he'll sell you a dog and lead you to believe the dog can be registered, which it can't be because Mr. X is not a recognized breeder. But he does write the most charming letters."

"One of the things that always bothers me is the gullibility of the public in buying a dog," says Alfred Dick. "Most of the specialty clubs in the AKC are geared to help the public in the buying of a registerable dog. They know who's breeding what, who's got puppies and where the public can get its money's worth."

As Philo Vance said, "It's an amazing institution."

END

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He shows his style in HS&M's Bombay...the Desert Classic Blazer

Hart Schaffner & Marx-manship comes easy to Sam Snead. Because it's the art of looking great at important moments. And, like the "pro" he is, Sam was quick to spot this season's new idea in sport coats—H S & M's Bombay...the Desert Classic Blazer.

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Take "underpressing," for example. Pressing after pressing *inside* the coat. Shapes and molds it *during* the tailoring. Not after. As a result, the look you buy is the look you keep.

You don't have to be a golf star to look great in a Bombay Blazer by H S & M—but it's no handicap!





Chevelle Malibu Super Sport by Chevrolet

Touch the accelerator to Chevelle's 350-hp V8 engine and you'll probably say Grrrrrr8, too. Read what Chevelle has over other cars its size and you may even say Grrrrrr8 Scott!

Let's begin on the premise that you're looking for value in the next automobile you buy.

The '65 Chevelle Super Sport has a Full Coil suspension. Foam-cushioned front and rear seats. Curved side windows. Air-washed rocker panels. Four protective inner fenders. Self-adjusting brakes with bonded linings. And a nine-step acrylic lacquer finish.

No other car of its size, no matter how much more it may cost, offers

more. In fact, there're a couple of cars at Chevelle's price that don't even come close.

Then there's room

Other cars boast of five- and six-passenger roominess. But are they as wide overall as Chevelle? Do they have curved side windows for more shoulder room? Are they backed by a huge 27.3-cubic-foot trunk?

Nice thing about Chevelle—those

same passengers don't have to be skinny, or have a pair of toothpick shoulders. And they can own the chunkiest set of luggage in town.

What surrounds room

The inside of a Malibu Super Sport is a world of rich vinyls and thick door-to-door carpeting. There's an electric clock with a sweep second hand. An ammeter. Even the steering wheel and seat belts are color-keyed.



... GRRRRRRR8

To this you may add things like Four-Season air conditioning and AM-FM Stereo radio—the accessory list is a long one.

Ride

Much of Chevelle's youthful appeal springs up from its ride. And it should. That ride is patterned after cars costing far more.

With 10 feet of coil spring at each wheel, a hefty perimeter frame, and

hundreds of tiny shock and sound absorbers, every street is easy street in a '65 Chevelle.

And finally, Grrrrrr8 itself

Grrrrrr8 is Chevelle's answer to those who say you can't have all that good cake and power too. It comes in the form of four V8's. The standard 196-hp. The 250- and 300-hp jobs you may order. And finally, the 327-cubic-inch Turbo-Fire 350-hp.

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

As the college season moved into its climactic period, most conference races were far from settled. Only defending NCAA champion UCLA in the AAWU and Wichita State in the Missouri Valley held leads of any consequence. Michigan, Vanderbilt, Duke, Davidson and San Francisco, all preseason favorites, were still nervous front-runners.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PROVIDENCE (16-2)
2. ST. JOSEPH'S (10-1) 3. ST. JOHN'S (10-1)

PROVIDENCE'S Joe Mullane, coach of the only unbeaten major-college team, was saying the other day what his team lacks is height—it is just not big enough to dominate the boards. But what his Friars do have is an amazing flexibility on defense, the kind that permits Mullane to shift in and out of a variety of zones and presses, his unique combinations and man-to-man. They also have Jimmy Walker, a talented sophomore backcourt star who depresses opponents with his deft ball handling and artful jump shooting. Both skills were impressive last week, as a glum man-to-man defense shut off DePaul when the Blue Demons threatened near the end. Sophomore Mike Radden's two foul shots won for the Friars 72-70. Then Walker threw in 32 points as Providence rolled over Niagara 74-55.

ST. JOHN'S had just come out of the Midwest with a fine 92-87 win over Loyola of Chicago—the Ramblers' first home loss in four years—when ARMY caught the Redmen at West Point. The aggressive Cadets upset them 58-56 on Don Schrage's basket and Dick Murray's two free throws in the last minute.

Philadelphia's Big Five were flexing their muscles. ST. JOSEPH'S turned loose an octopus press and a blistering fast break to beat Georgetown 80-72; VILLANITA throttled Canisius 89-78 and DePaul 85-57, while expanded Virginia 84-59, but then lost to LAMAR, one of its own, 81-74. Even PENN'S Ivy League won a couple, over Yale 80-68 and Brown 66-52.

NCAA and NIT tournament scrums would do well to take a hard look at PENN STATE. The Nittany Lions pushed over West Virginia 89-72 and Navy 84-56 and are now 13-3 for the season, better than COLLEGE was winning again, too. The Eagles outran Massachusetts 109-97 and Northeastern 101-90. VINCENSI took two out of three, beating Niagara 83-76 and Georgetown 95-81 and losing to MASHATTAN 94-80.

The Ivy League race was down to two teams. CORNELL, the leader, beat Dartmouth 110-84 and Harvard 78-66 for its 11th in succession. PRINCETON, a game behind, got the usual wondrous performances from Bill Bradley (54 points) while beating Brown 69-49 and Yale 67-62. COLUMBIA surprised

Harvard 88-77 and then gave poor Dartmouth its 27th straight Ivy loss 80-87.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP FIVE: 1. DAVIDSON (10-0)
2. DUKE (10-2) 3. VANDERBILT (10-2)

Whatever illusions North Carolina State's Press Maravich may have had about the Atlantic Coast race dwindled to nothing last week. Maravich's team, unbeaten in 11 games since he took over for retired Coach Ev Case, fell to DUKE 84-74 in Raleigh. The Blue Devils, who expected State to prove, had experimented for the first time with a full-court press of their own in an easy 82-64 victory over upstart Maryland. Then Duke tried it on the Wolfpack. The press suffocated State and some superb shooting (14 of 17 for 32 points) by 6-foot-6 junior Jack Marin did the rest. Three nights later Marin again shot in 32 points, and the Blue Devils trounced West Virginia 109-89.

Eastern opponents invaded the ACC and came away with half a loaf. ST. JOSEPH'S, a quick, slick-shooting band of Philadelphia hustlers, routed Wake Forest 117-91, but NORTH CAROLINA preserved the honor of the South. Billy Cunningham and sophomore Bob Lewis led the Tarheels past NYU 100-78.

VANDERBILT and TENNESSEE, heading for an SEC showdown Saturday at Knoxville, Tenn., both won handily. Vandy, undefeated in the conference so far, battered Tulane 85-67 while Tennessee, beaten only by the Commodores, made a stifling zone defense and the excellent shooting of A. W. Davis and sophomore Ron Widby to win over Florida 76-43 and Mississippi State 77-57. KENTUCKY, going nowhere but undoubtedly stirred by Adolph Rupp's solemn pronouncement that it was "the worst team I've had in 35 years," beat Georgia 96-64 and Mississippi 102-65.

DAVIDSON, meanwhile, was busy smashing down would-be challengers in the Southern Conference. The Wildcats, with Fred Hetzel, Don Davidson and Dick Snyder firing in shots like guided missiles, took VMI 84-78 and George Washington 119-83 for their 17th in a row. But VIRGINIA TECH, a Johnny-come-lately in the race, was beginning to look like a team that might bother Davidson in the conference tournament at the end of the month. The young Gobblers had a modest streak of

their own—eight straight—after routing Richmond 94-74, Furman 102-82 and George Washington 92-74.

The Florida MIAMI stood up at home last week. Even though gunner Rick Barry was ailing with a bruised foot (the only scored 29), the Hurricanes shrugged off 41 points by Miami of Ohio's gifted Charley Coles and bombed their bracketed friends, 100-85.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (10-1)
2. WICHITA STATE (14-0) 3. ILLINOIS (10-2)

Just when everyone in the Missouri Valley thought that WICHITA STATE, playing without Dave Stallworth and Nate Bowman for the first time, was ripe to be taken, the Shockers acted as if they had just received a shot of adrenaline. They threw their tough multiple defenses at cold-shooting St. Louis, got the ball to sophomore centerman James Thompson for 21 points and the Bulls succumbed 72-64. It was discouraging, but Louisville and Bradley conjured the chase. LOUISVILLE flattened Tulsa 73-67 and North Texas 58-72; BRADLEY whaled Drake 73-52.

Michigan had a week off, but its Big Ten challengers were busy sharpening their skills for the big push. MINNESOTA won twice, over Northwestern 70-66 and Michigan State 85-79; IOWA squeaked past Northwestern 78-72; ILLINOIS, despite 41 points by Purdue's Dave Schellhase, poured it on the Boilermakers 121-93; INDIANA thrashed Loyola of Chicago 109-82.

The Big Eight had a race again, too. Oklahoma State, unhappily, found a team that could match its patience and that cost the Cowboys their first league loss. MISSOURI worked the ball methodically until it got the good shots. Then it made enough of them to win 49-42—good news to second-place COLORADO, which beat Nebraska 62-52.

It has been a long time since Loyola's George Ireland has had such a devastating week. After losing to St. John's and Indiana, his Ramblers were further embarrassed by MIAMI of Ohio 79-74, as Jeff Gehring got 27 points. DAYTON, making a last ditch for a post-season tournament, walloped Xavier 112-81 and Stetson 93-55. DETROIT also was hopeful after putting down Western Michigan 90-87 and Notre Dame 77-74.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. HOUSTON (10-0)
2. BAYLOR (11-1) 3. TEXAS TECH (8-1)

Only a week ago Texas Tech looked good enough to run off with the Southwest Conference title. Then along came BAYLOR. On the record, the Bears should not have had a chance in Lubbock Coliseum, where Tech had won 18 straight. But Baylor belabored the Raiders with a smothering zone press that held Tech star Doc Makine, a 24.1-point scorer, to a mere five points and the Bears won 77-74. TEXAS TECH came back to crush Rice 102-69, but Baylor was only a game behind after edging TCU 87-85

continued

on Winston Moore's layup at the buzzer.

Texas Tech's troubles were mounting, as SMC and TNU moved up to tie Baylor for second place. The revitalized Ponies beat TCU 110-94 and Arkansas 84-76 while Texas whipped Rice 76-63 and then upset Texas A&M 65-63 at College Station, usually another outpost of home-court invincibility. There was, however, some comic relief for distressed Aggie fans. Midway in the second half, "Old Sarge," a bulldog who serves as A&M's assistant mascot, wandered onto the court and began nipping casually at an official's pants leg. "That pup was just frae-lancing," joked Coach Shelby Metcalf. "He was only begging the officials for a little help."

Oklahoma City's Abe Lemons was not joking about the officials after his team, beaten by St. Louis 77-75 earlier in the week, also lost to Creighton 87-72. "They let the game get out of hand," he fumed. "Why, the only time they called a foul was when somebody's nose bled."

Two other independents had better luck. TEXAS WESTERN's helping man-to-man defense swarmed all over Arizona and felled the Wildcats to distraction as the cautious Miners won 51-39. TULSA, with its sights

set on a post-season tournament bid, routed Loyola of New Orleans 104-80. It tickled Coach Guy Lewis, who more than once has been criticized for his deliberate offense. "That's pretty good for a ball-control team, isn't it?" gushed Lewis.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. WYOMING (24-3)
2. ARIZONA (20-8) 3. SAN FRANCISCO (18-3)

"It's like trying to beat a Thoroughbred with a plowhorse—there's just no way to win." That was the considered opinion of Washington State's shocked Mary Harshman after UCA got through with his Cougars. The Bruins' fiery press forced WSU into 31 turnovers, Gail Goodrich led the fast break with 18 points and UCLA overwhelmed its AAWU rivals 93-41. The next night Washington was determined to run with the Bruins, and in the second half the Huskies actually had a nine-point lead. Then sixth man Kenny Washington came off the bench for UCLA. The press exploded like a delayed cherry bomb, and suddenly the Bruins had the game 78-75.

The rest of the AAWU, meanwhile, was barely staying alive. USC lost to Washington 78-77 and beat Washington State

88-65 while California was beaten by Oregon State 74-57 and Oregon 83-71. Only Stanford showed any real enterprise. The Indians edged Oregon 77-75 on Gary Lovernidge's last-second basket and then outlasted Oregon State 51-48.

SAN FRANCISCO, stingy by TULSA 59-53 on the road, found life more reasonable back home. The Dons whacked WCAC co-leader Pacific 104-64 as Ollie Johnson scored 20 points and snatched 24 rebounds away from the Tigers' Keith Swagerty, the nation's No. 2 rebounder. Then while PACIFIC recovered to beat Santa Clara 64-62 for second place San Francisco routed St. Mary's 83-60.

Western AC teams were busy with non-conference foes. Some, like Arizona State and Arizona, enjoyed it no end. First Arizona State surprised visiting Bradley 92-81, then Arizona edged the Braves 85-83 in triple overtime. NORMAN YOUNG just did manage to beat Utah State 89-80 while NEW MEXICO took touring Hawaii 100-76-39 and 89-59. But Wyoming lost to COLORADO STATE 82-77, UTAH OUTRAN Montana 109-92 and Denver 94-84, accomplishments that drew only cautious praise from Coach Jack Gardner. "I can't say I was too pleased with our defense," he muttered unhappily. **END**

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TWO U'S

The hats of an entire university, countless alumni and 13 defeated opponents are off to Frank Deford for his fine article on Ohio's University of Miami (7he Real Miami Stands Up, Feb. 13). He not only captured the warmth and spirit of the "real" Miami's campus life but he also gave the basketball team some of the national recognition it rightly deserves. Miami's Redskins are one of the nation's finest teams and a heretofore little-noticed record proves it.

Not only is Miami University a far older institution (by 116 years) than "Water-Ski U" but the Redskins can boast of the finest head-to-tooth-squash production in the world and a near record for the most consecutive nonlosing football seasons. There can be no question as to which is the real Miami.

JACK SYBILLE

Wilmette, Ill.

Sirs:

I would like to thank Frank Deford for recognizing "Miami-brackets-Ohio" as one of the country's great basketball powers. Miami is 14-1 in the season and 9-0 in the Mid-American Conference, but still it remains unranked. Maybe after reading Mr. Deford's article somebody may try to find "Miami-brackets-Ohio" on a map.

F. BARKIN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Well, the "real Miami" certainly did stand up—the University of Miami of Florida, that is. And at 100-85.

DICK SMITH

Miami Beach

Sirs:

Frank Deford's statement that "Miami is the birthplace of college fraternities" is erroneous. In 1825 Kappa Alpha Society, the oldest Greek-letter social fraternity, was founded at Union College in Schenectady. The first locally organized fraternity at Miami of Ohio was not founded until 1879, 14 years later.

THE BROTHERS OF DELTA CHI

Schenectady

EAST W. WEST

Sirs:

Although I'm a native New Yorker, I have never considered myself either a New Yorkophile or a Californiaphobe. In fact, I think California is a lovely state. But under no circumstances can I agree that California has "more as many professional

scams" as any other state in the Union (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, Feb. 1).

Let's start the count with the Jets, Mets, Giants, Yankees, Knicks, Rangers and Bills. If you can count L.A.'s minor hockey team, the Blades, then what about the minor league baseball and hockey teams all over New York state?

When Chaver Ravine has monuments in center field comparable to those in Yankee Stadium, when the Lakers beat the Celtics, when the Rams and/or 49ers win a championship, when Dodger fans can watch a game without having to have Van Scully explain what's happening to them, when California learns what tradition is, then, and only then, can California consider itself the professional sports capital.

BOB RUBIN

New York City

SUE'S SUIT

Sirs:

Now that the bluesmen and the college boys have all had their silly say about your "suddy cult" issue (19th Hole, Feb. 1), may I add a quiet word of praise and thanks for A) Sue Peterson's wholesome and lovely appearance on the cover, and B) Laz Smith's interesting and entertaining discussion of the sometimes-startling current beach fashions? Both were eminently worthy of SI's always intelligent approach to the phenomena of life and leisure, vintage 1965, and had about as much in common with gaily magazines as does the graceful and serene performance of Olympic gymnasts with a Minsky burlesque show.

TED JONES

New York City

Sirs:

I had to reply to the Rev. Robert Obermeyer's implication (19th Hole, Feb. 1) that your cover picture of Sue Peterson resembled that of a gaily magazine, when, in reality, it is the direct antithesis.

To the eyes of this middle-class, middle-aged, middle-sized Mann Bear, Sue appears as a lovely, glowing girl. And, to bring up a point that your other correspondents missed, she accomplishes this despite the ugliest bathing suit I've ever seen.

MRS. BARBARA ANN ZANI

Newton, Mass.

Sirs:

As far as I'm concerned, a tank suit, or a nylon racing swimsuit for those who are not familiar with the sport of swimming, will accomplish the same purpose.

PHIL LEWIS

New York City

Sirs:

The Rev. Robert Obermeyer and Mrs. Murray ought to be thankful that America's youth can read about "the nudie cult" sensibly and realistically in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, rather than through the "gaily" magazines or the grapevine of society.

JOE SCANDINAV

Hamden, N.Y.

ON TOP OF OLD GORGY

Sirs:

I'm afraid my first reaction to *The Battle for a Mountain* (Feb. 1) was rather emotional. I ski whenever I can and find few sports that combine such a keen sense of invigoration with an outdoor setting which almost forces the beholder to admire its natural beauty. Such times are not only richly rewarding but—for me—forms of personal fulfillment.

Yet I can remember the times, years ago, that I was in the San Geronimo area, and the one time I found myself at the top of that mountain. Sensations of solitude, accomplishment and many more left me without words, and I would rather turn away from skiing entirely than have to give up the memory of those moments—or deny them to anyone else. These wilderness areas—like our redwoods—cannot be replaced once destroyed, and I would no sooner deny them to my children or grandchildren than I would any other of their birthrights. Further, I would never want their sense of vigor to sacrifice the spiritual insight such solitude and beauty should give them.

But it is more than emotion that makes me weary. If such a dispute can take place now, what new sport will become the clarion-call for wilderness destruction in the future?

HARRY N. HORNER

Kenn, Ohio

Sirs:

I think we all know who will win Mt. San Geronimo. After all, what chance does natural beauty stand in a land where the dollar is sacred and the developer's word is law? In a section fast becoming nothing but one glorified housing development, something must be done to protect the wilderness for the future, or coming generations will be aware of it only through books. As soon as people, in numbers, move into an area, the animals retreat, and I can see no sense in crowding them into extinction. And they will be. It seems unrealistic to believe that once one piece is carved out of the wilderness for commercial development, the remaining part will be safe.

SARILL A. JONES

El Cajon, Calif.

continued



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10TH HOLE (continued)

Sirs:

Since inception of the wilderness area, the total acreage set aside has been growing in size, not shrinking as some persons believe. In southern California there are five wilderness areas with a total of 628,584 acres. The 3,500 acres divided in the Mt. San Geronimo region is a small part of this vast acreage; however, it is the only area which assures consistent snow for skiing. For skiing you need snow, and San Geronimo has it.

BOB BRACSTRON

Sunland, Calif.

TRIPLE TROUBLE

Sirs:

Two people, or maybe three, must be awful mad at your story about the Crosby (*Double, Double Toil and Trouble*, Feb. 1). I refer to Jim Lange, the disc jockey you said was the idol of San Francisco's rock 'n' rollers and to Bel Air's Golf Pro Ed Merrins, who shot the hole in one you credited to Al Mengert. Then, of course, there was that caddy who was protesting Tony Lama from the wind and got blamed by you for standing in Tony's lee.

J. PETERS

San Francisco

Sirs:

In *Double, Double Toil and Trouble* you make reference to Ken Venturi's partner in the Pro-Am Division of the Crosby as "Jim Lange, who likes to describe himself to his rock-'n'-roll followers as Captain Showbiz." Get yourselves a good strong receiver, tune in station KSFQ, the station Lange is affiliated with in San Francisco, and you will soon agree that it is No. 8 in the Bay Area because it chooses not to play any rock 'n' roll.

DICK RIPLEY

Detroit

Sirs:

Jim Lange plays good music, and he doesn't scream, yell or scorch on the air. In short, he just isn't rock material. They couldn't use him, for one thing, because he's literate.

STEVE HOLT

San Mateo, Calif.

Sirs:

My condolences to an unnamed but maligned caddy. The person who captioned that picture is undoubtedly the type, were he aboard ship, who would throw bilge water to windward. And he should.

LESTER E. BEMIS

Elmhurst, Ill.

• Our apologies to all, especially Los Angeles Teaching Pro Ed Merrins, who shot an ace on the 7th hole at Pebble Beach in what he called "as great a shot as I ever hit on a golf course and the greatest I ever hit in competition."—ED.

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The walkers who come to the attention of the world these days are usually—like Justice William O. Douglas—interesting for other reasons than their prowess at walking. Time was, even before the walkathons of the '20s, when walking went with might (and perhaps mythical) qualities. In the early 19th century a Scotsman known as Captain Robert Barclay once walked one mile in each of 1,000 successive hours.

This incredible man once went out at 5 in the morning to do a little grouse shooting. He walked at least 30 miles while he potted away, and then after dinner set out on a walk of 60 miles that he accomplished in 11 hours without a halt. Barclay did not sleep after this but went through the following day as if nothing had happened, until the afternoon, when he walked 16 miles to a ball. He dined all night, and then in the early morning walked home and spent a day partridge shooting. Finally he did get to bed—but only after a period of two nights and nearly three days had elapsed and he had walked 130 miles.

Captain Barclay was born in August 1779. He grew into a handsome 6-footer of incredible strength. When he was in his 20s he lifted a weight of more than half a ton and also transported a 250-pound man standing on his right hand from the floor to a table.

At 15 he won 100 guineas in a walking match, going six miles in an hour, and between 1796 and 1809 he performed at least 26 remarkable walking and running feats. He used to bet on himself, on one occasion as much as 5,000 guineas. He won that bet by walking 90 miles in 20 hours and 22 minutes. In that same year, 1801, he also walked 140 miles in 19 hours 27 minutes, striding most of the time up to his ankles in mud. On another occasion, while attempting to do 90 miles in 21 1/4 successive hours, he made the mistake of drinking some brandy after having gone 67 miles in 13 hours. It made him sick, and he was unable to continue. He walked 64 miles in 10 hours on two separate occasions, and in 1805 walked 72 miles "between breakfast and dinner." In 1806 he walked 100 miles in 19 hours "over the worst road in the kingdom."

Barclay also did some running and once was credited (by legend, not by eye-witnesses) with running a quarter mile



CAPTAIN ROBERT BARCLAY

A Myth Is as Good as a Mile

In the very long ago a
sturdy Scotsman set out
on a remarkable walk

by JOHN LOVESEY

in 56 seconds. Walking was his prime interest, though. When he walked he bent his body forward, throwing his weight on his knees. His step was short and his feet just skimmed the ground. He used to wear a flannel shirt, flannel trousers, a night cap, lamb's-wool stockings and thick-soled leather shoes.

Before his walking feats he used to go into bouts of training that were as much a testimonial to his constitution as his performances were. His training started with a course of purgatives, usually three doses of 1 1/4 to 2 ounces of Glauber's salts over a period of about a week. After that Barclay started regular workouts that covered up to 24 miles a day. He would rise at 5, run half a mile at top

speed, walk six miles and have breakfast at about 7. Breakfast normally consisted of beefsteaks and mutton chops with stale bread and beer. Later he walked another six miles before lying down at 12 for half an hour's rest. Up again, Barclay went another four miles before dinner, which was a repeat of his breakfast repast. Immediately after this meal he ran half a mile at top speed. This run was followed by another six-mile walk. That did it for the day.

This regimen normally governed a period of from two to three months. After the first three or four weeks, he also underwent a weekly sweat that he induced by first running four miles swathed in flannels. On his return from this run Barclay drank a hot "sweating liquor," made from an ounce of caraway seed, half an ounce of coriander seed, one ounce of root licorice and half an ounce of sugar mixed with two bottles of cider and boiled down by half. After swallowing this concoction he got into bed, was covered with six to eight pairs of blankets and remained there for half an hour. When Barclay was eventually taken out and rubbed dry he put on a greatcoat to go for a gentle two-mile walk before a breakfast of roast fowl.

The remarkable thing (or perhaps his saving grace) is that for his most notable feat—walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 successive hours—Barclay did not bother to go into regular training. He thought it would be so easy he simply went down to Brighton on the English south coast and did some swimming. The walk, which was for 1,000 guineas, took place at Newmarket. It started on June 1, 1809 and ended on July 12, and aroused nationwide attention. During it he lost 32 pounds, weighing only 154 pounds when it was over.

This loss was not because of a poor appetite—he ate about five to six pounds of meat daily. For breakfast each day he had roast fowl, a pint of strong ale, two cups of tea plus bread and butter. At luncheon he ate either beefsteaks or mutton chops, and at dinner roast beef or mutton chops, which he took with porter and two or three glasses of wine. An hour before midnight each day of the walk he had a supper of cold fowl.

When he first started he was in continual good health and spirits, and it was not until the 12th night that he first com-

continued



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Captain Barclay *continued*

plained of some pain in the back of his neck and shoulders. The following day Barclay noticed a little pain in his legs, too—particularly in the back tendons. It was, in the end, his legs that gave him the most trouble, although the pain that he felt was always intermittent. His legs were first bathed with vinegar and given warm baths. On the evening of the 23rd day of his feat, Barclay got a toothache that interfered with his snatched sleep, but the following evening it had nearly gone. It was then noticed that the warm baths being applied to Barclay's legs were softening his feet. His attendants applied flannel soaked in boiling water and wrung dry, and rubbed an oil-and-camphor mixture on his legs. Shortly after the 31st day, Barclay needed help to lift himself up after he had sat or lain down. His walks and treatment began to take up so much time that his rest periods grew progressively shorter. At times he could not move without crying out, Barclay's average time for walking the mile increased from 14 minutes 54 seconds in the first week to 21 minutes 4 seconds in the sixth week.

On the 42nd day—the final one—a large crowd began to gather in the morning. The evening before, so many people had traveled to the area to witness the last moments of his walkathon that a hotel was not to be had in Newmarket, Cambridge or any other local towns or villages. There were thousands of people present to watch him when he walked his last mile, including a distinguished body of dukes, earls, baronets and knights. At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of July 12, 1809 they cheered Captain Barclay as he walked his thousandth mile. It took him 22 minutes.

After a hot bath, Barclay went to bed. The following morning he felt fine. He traveled to London in a chaise and four on July 14 and three days later left to join the British military expedition that captured Walcheren in The Netherlands.

Although Barclay retired from competition after his 1,000-mile walk, he never gave up the strenuous outdoor life. Twice a week during 1810 and 1811 he rode 50 miles to hunt, and after hunting rode back home the same night. Captain Robert Barclay was apparently a frank and hospitable man who devoted himself, apart from walking, to agriculture. He did not die until he was 74. And then it was three days after a horse had kicked him. **END**

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